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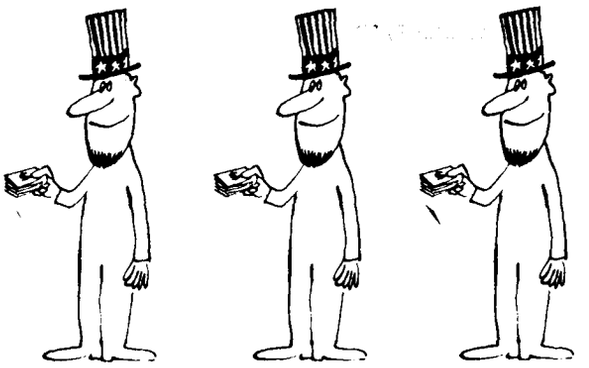
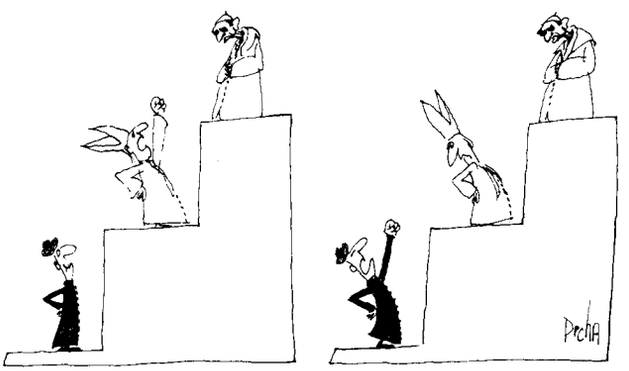
commonweal

FINANCING THE WORLD EMPIRE

Michael Hudson





THE SYNOD OF OUR DISCONTENT

Henry ten Kortenaar

TOO BAD, MR. NOBEL LAUREATE

Wes Barthelmes

CHILDREN'S BOOK ISSUE: ***Elizabeth Minot Graves*** **A Selected List •** ***Jean B. Elshtain*** **Cowboys & Commager**

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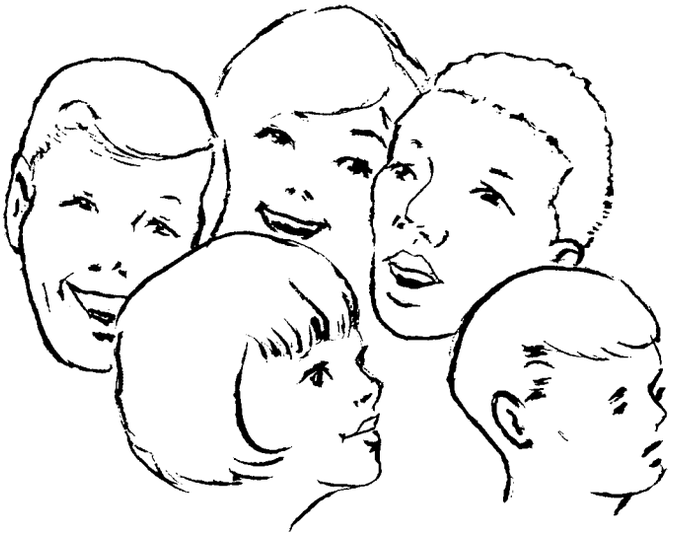

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"... we thought we wouldn't be labelled 'dirty Indians' anymore."

— *Deborah Rooks*

Deborah is a Sioux Indian high school girl who is tired of hearing Indians called "dirty," "lazy," "savage" — or any of the other epithets hurled at her people. And she's sick at heart from seeing other Indians her age who have been taught to be **ashamed they are Indians.** She knows all of this is cruelly wrong.

Because . . . Deborah knows the history and heritage of her people — a heritage rich in cultural values our confused society could do well to borrow. She understands the problems of her people and knows why she has a rightful pride in her Indian ancestry. She knows all this better than most Indians do, because this is part of her education at Red Cloud Indian School.

But, she wonders, do you know? Does anyone know, or even care? She revealed the depth of her feelings — and echoed those of her classmates — when she wrote about the late Senator Robert Kennedy's visit to our school:

> "I remember April 16, 1968 very clearly. It was a chilly, cloudy day, and all of us were waiting outside for Mr. Kennedy. When he came I felt sorry for him. He looked tired and sad, yet he kept smiling. He told us of our Indian heritage. He spoke of the good in the Indian people. It looked as though some of the kids were going to cry. He made us feel proud of our race, not ashamed. There were faraway looks in the eyes of the kids around me. Each face held a different look. Some were looking at him in awe, others with hope, others with faith. They felt that someone had finally realized we are here, someone who could help us was going to help us, and not push us away. He knew we cared, and we knew he cared, and we wouldn't be labelled 'dirty Indians' anymore."

Few people realize the terrible hurt our society has dealt to Indian youths. In movies, on TV — and even in some school books — they are vilified and humiliated. In some Indian schools they are taught to look down on their own people. They grow up ashamed, many believing that perhaps Indians are inferior. Yet the FACT is they are as

Robert Kennedy visiting with a Sioux Indian boy in his home on the Pine Ridge Reservation.

intelligent, as capable and as talented as any other children anywhere. And more perceptive than most. All they need **is a chance.**

That is why I beg for them. They desperately need our help, and I need your help to keep this school going. This is the nation's largest private school for Indian children. We take in more than 500 Sioux children each year, from pre-school through high school. Over half are boarders. They learn everything your kids learn — plus special studies to help them understand Indian problems and adjust to the world the white man has forced on them. With love, understanding and guidance we restore their human dignity and build their self-confidence. Anything you can send helps buy food, clothing, books, equipment. $5, $10, $20 — any amount you can spare helps these native American boys and girls get the same chance in life other American children get. Believe me, no one deserves it more.

— ***Father Ted Zuern, S. J.***

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NEWS & VIEWS

Berrigan, Darst et al.

The reevaluation of sentences of the Baltimore 4 ordered by the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals is at this writing three painfully-slow weeks in process.

But even if the review results in more lenient sentences being pronounced "in the interest of charity" (to use the Circuit Court's phrase), the cases of the Baltimore 4, as well as those of the Catonsville 9, are headed for the Supreme Court.

The contention will be that Judges Edward S. Northrop and Roszel Thomsen of the Baltimore and Catonsville trials, respectively, inhibited the freedom of the jury to base their judgment on all the evidence, including the Vietnam war as a prime reason for the defendants' motivation.

In other words, the judge's instruction in each case narrowed the jury's verdict to whether the defendants destroyed Selective Service files. Since the defendants had admitted the destruction, the juries thus could only decide them as guilty. The legal terminology is nullification of jury.

In directing sentence review, the Circuit Court upheld the conviction of both groups, with bail continuance allowed during the reevaluation—a small privilege which, ironically, cost Christian Brother David Darst of the Catonsville 9 his life.

Darst, the youngest of the Catonsville raiders, died Oct. 30 in a flaming car crash with a gasoline truck near Omaha.

The tragedy plunged the peace-activist community into a deep depression, for Darst was one of the group's favorite personalities.

"He was a sweet guy," commented Tom Cornell of the Catholic Peace Fellowship, "innocent and jovial, but serious at the same time."

"He was a fantastically happy person," remarked Maggie Geddes of the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade people. "It was the strength of his political beliefs and his caring that makes it so terrible that he's gone."

Darst's New York friends held a memorial service for him at Jesuit Missions, then sat around playing with happy memories of David. Happiest of the recollections: David circumventing bail restrictions and smuggling himself into the trial of the Milwaukee 14 in the disguise of an American Indian. "He was the most conspicuous person in the courtroom," laughed Maggie Geddes, "but even his friends didn't recognize him."

Returning to Phil Berrigan: colleague Philip Nobile, who carried a petition to last June's Holy Cross alumni reunion asking recall of LBJ's honorary degree and was lucky to escape with his thinning mane, is now promoting an honorary degree for Phil Berrigan, H.C.-'51.

Nobile argues in *Crosscurrents*, the alumni newspaper, that "Holy Cross ought to honor dissenters from America's immorality, just as it continually applauds . . . its alumni soldiers who have won medals in Vietnam."

Nobile and classmate Charles Jagoda have formed a "Committee for Father Philip Berrigan" based at 65 Park Terrace West, N.Y., N.Y. 10034.

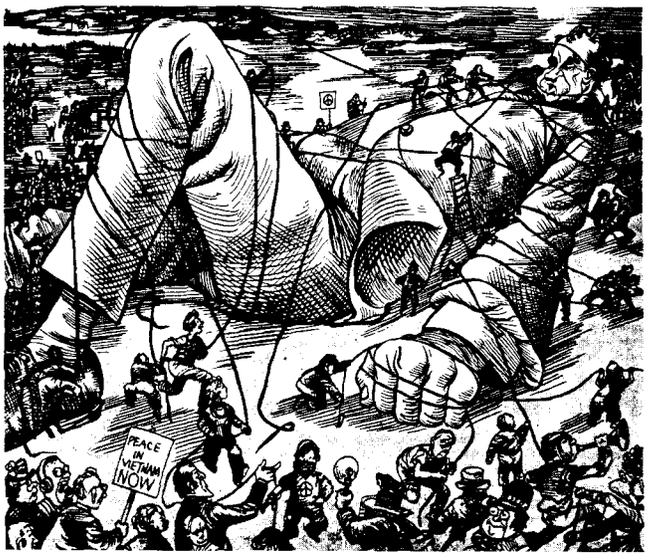
Necrology

Add *Our Times*, the Yakima diocese's news weekly, to the lengthening list of Catholic press casualties. That makes ten consumer magazines and three diocesan newspapers to fold within the year. Several more are barely hanging on.

Msgr. S. J. Adamo addresses himself to the deteriorating Catholic press in the Nov. 1 *America*. Heading his piece "The Smell of Death," Adamo writes: "By the 1970s it may well develop that papers like the *National Catholic Reporter* and a handful of aggressive magazines will alone remain standing in a wasteland of house organs."

That's a significant comment considering the source. Not so long ago, Adamo, a rabid Catholic press partisan, would have zapped anyone for even suggesting as much.

Lending substance to Adamo's feeling is word that *Ave Maria*, a popular household item for 105 years, will be phased out in the new year, in favor of *A.D. 1970*, a news weekly to begin publication in February.



"Under no circumstances will I be affected whatever by it."
PRESIDENT NIXON

The 1960 City

Eminent scientists helped *Nature*, Britain's famed scientific journal, mark its 100th anniversary by forecasting the wonders of the 21st century.

One scientist saw crowded coastal cities served by huge floating airfields, which would remain stable in seas of 40-foot waves. Another predicted an understanding of body cells so precise that scientists would be able to tell what happens biologically when a person prayed.

Well, here's wishing the forecasters better luck than their counterparts of a generation ago.

Daniel Bell recalls in the stimulating book *Toward the Year 2000* the description of the 1960 city offered at the General Motors exposition of the 1939 World's Fair:

"From the train of moving seats in the darkest building, a visitor looks down on a miniature landscape far away . . . and finally he beholds the city itself with its quarter-mile-high towers, huge glass, and soaring among them four-level, seven-lane directional highways on which you can surely choose your speed—100, 200 miles an hour. The city of 1960 has abundant functions: fresh air, fine green parkways, recreational centers, all results of plausible planning and design. No building's shadow will touch another. Parks will occupy one-third of the city area."

There you have it, 1939 looking at 1960. It's not the sort of thing to inspire much faith in anyone's divining.

Odds and Ends

—*Overview* cites as the month's prize specimen of bishop-talk the "dripping" of Chicago Auxiliary John May on being appointed to Mobile, Ala.: "I will do my best to fill one of those great shoes left vacant by that man of God, Archbishop Toolen."
JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Prisoner Of The Times?

Frederick, Md.

To the Editors: José Yglesias, in his lively review of Herbert L. Matthews' "Fidel Castro," made several dubious assertions. In his opening paragraph Mr. Yglesias claimed that Mr. Matthews, "a prisoner of the *Times* editorial department," was never again permitted to write on the subject "after the revolution." Responsibility for this "political censorship" was traced to "rightwingers" who continued to castigate the newspaper for the "timely bit of publicity" given to Fidel by Matthews' exclusive interview with the rebel leader in 1957.

What are the facts?

The record shows that Mr. Matthews continued to write news stories and numerous editorials about Cuba for more than six months "after the revolution," which took place on January 1, 1959.

A dispatch from Havana by Mr. Matthews was featured in the *Times* on July 16, 1959. This was a piece that it was my privilege to analyze in a full column in the *Times* on August 18 of the same year. My description of Matthews' front page story was that it constituted a "whitewash of Fidel Castro's Cuban revolution," an event that called for "diligent research and straightforward reporting." Others, prior to this evaluation, had questioned the accuracy of Mr. Matthews' reporting. One of the most knowledgeable critics was Mrs. Ruby Hart Phillips who for years served as chief of the *Times* bureau in Cuba.

No news report under Matthews' byline appeared in the *Times* after July 16, 1959. News executives had vowed, as I discovered in September, 1959, that "it would be over their dead bodies that Matthews would ever again act as a reporter for the *Times*." It is to the credit of the publisher and the news editors that this decision was upheld.

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MOBILIZING THE MAYORS

It was perfectly consistent that Richard Nixon should have hurried the newly elected governors of New Jersey and Virginia to the White House for a celebration luncheon with the inner-guard of the Administration. The man who has missed the meaning of so much of the national mood on Vietnam, who sought to compromise the law of the land on school desegregation, and who has frittered away popular trust on urban issues from tax reform to consumer rights, could only have been expected to give a special reading to the November 4 elections. But the significance of this fall's first-Tuesday-after-the-first-Monday was not that Virginia went Republican for the first time since the Battle of Hastings, or that New Jersey decided for a down-state moderate who is the epitome of suburban virtues, and that somehow these elections constituted an endorsement of policy on Vietnam. The significance was that cities like New York, Cleveland, Pittsburgh endorsed a new politics which frees the city from the machine, making the city, in effect, a freer element in the process of government than at any time in the recent past. In one sense, this moves urban power closer to the people; in another, it opens vast possibilities for coalitions among city governments to bring pressures at the state and national levels for the winning of greater justice for the cities.

John Lindsay grasped immediately the implications of the urban elections. In the wee hours of November 5, he was defining the New York returns as a message to Albany and Washington "that they can no longer starve our cities—and that more of our tax dollars must be returned to meet our needs." The next day he was speaking of an aggressive national "fight for the cities" and telephoning other mayors to lay what could be the groundwork for the most important governmental pressure group of America, 1969: big-city mayors. The stakes are quite clear; national and state power balances must be tipped in the direction of the city, if the city is to survive as a vital component of an integral United States.

And therein lies the idiocy of the gala Nixon luncheon of November 5. The wrong guests of honor were invited. William Cahill of New Jersey and Linwood Holton of Virginia sat at the right hand; the guests might better have been John Lindsay, Carl Stokes of Cleveland, Pete Flaherty of Pitts-

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burgh, William Hart of East Orange, and yes, Roman Gribbs of Detroit. It is men such as these, even more than state governors, who are vital to the nation's domestic future. Mr. Nixon could count 50 Republican occupants of capitol buildings of the nation, not just 32, and still have only a tenuous grip on domestic matters when rapport with the cities is as slight as it is now.

The point is that the United States is seriously in need of a national urban policy, and urban policy is not made in state capitols, at least not strong or coordinated policy. It can be made in Washington, in concert with the cities. But as everyone from retiring mayors to the Republican head of the Urban Coalition has certified, there is no national policy and little indication of the thought having suggested itself to Richard Nixon. Urban Coalition director John W. Gardner stated the problem delicately but succinctly, when in crediting Nixon's proposals to revise the nation's welfare system, he said that there still remained the larger difficulty of a lack of leadership and inability to generate any momentum on a systematic, effective urban policy. It is not a mistaken impression that "things aren't working for the cities," Gardner added. "We get richer and richer in filthier and filthier communities, until we reach a final state of affluent misery—Croesus on a garbage heap."

Gunnar Myrdal urges a "Marshall Plan" to save American cities, a project which he declares "would not cost less than a trillion dollars and take a generation to carry out." Myrdal's diagnosis and prescription are so staggering as to prompt one to throw up his hands—except to give up on the cities is to opt for an America which stands not a chance, practically or ideologically. Still, the cities could go by default anyway, if there is no strong national plan to see to their survival. This is what gives meaning to the mobilization of mayors which John Lindsay appears to have in mind. The cities cannot be put off any longer by Washington, nor indeed by governors in a position to do something about their plight. The cruelest political reflex of early November was Nelson Rockefeller's automatic no—in a Queens restaurant yet—to Lindsay's request for a special session of the State Legislature to discuss state Medicaid, welfare payments and urban mass transportation.

But the key is still in Washington; there is the starting point. The question is, how responsive to pressures brought by a coalition of big-city mayors might an Administration be whose suburban constituency is newly reconfirmed? One tends not toward optimism. On the other hand, there is Daniel Moynihan, presidential urban affairs adviser recently elevated to Cabinet rank. Just last month Moynihan wrote in *The Public Interest* of the urgent need for the Federal Establishment to develop "a much heightened sensitivity" to urban goals and to arrive at a national urban policy. It is that small factor which lends reasonable hope to the strategy originating with John Lindsay.

Catching Up With Bismarck

Many of the people who gathered atop Manhattan's Statler Hilton Hotel on Moratorium Day wore black armbands or blue buttons, which was not especially newsworthy. What was newsworthy was that among them were confreres from such disparate groups as the American Medical Association, the big names in the insurance industry and several consumer organizations, and the Teamsters and Auto Workers.

It was one of those conferences where stress was placed upon inviting the enemy, and there was no reluctance in unveiling the battle plan: it was contained in a 14-point statement of principles of the Committee for National Health Insurance. In many respects the organizations listed as "participants" reflected the opposing shock troops in what one doctors' house organ (*Medical World News*) predicts will be ". . . the bloodiest battle yet between the AMA and liberal forces in the nation."

It is difficult to imagine Americans taking to the streets in the coming decade to obtain what Otto von Bismarck introduced in Germany in 1883, but there is good argument to propose that some form of national health insurance will emerge as a reality in the 1970's. And it is not totally inconceivable that should Richard Nixon extricate the country from its Asian misadventure his own party may join in supporting it in principle.

Even the Neanderthals were paying cognizance to the world about them: the president of the AMA acknowledged in Chicago that "one major illness or accident can be a financial as well as physical tragedy." From the White House last July the man who as a congressman in 1948 saw the ancient Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill as but a socialist plot admitted that the nation faces a "massive crisis" in health care.

Somehow it sounded like something he would dispatch a Spiro Agnew to record: the citizens and patients were well aware that the medical marketplace has risen faster than any other item on the consumer price charts. And the invisible poor, according to Dr. John Knowles (who

Due to an out-of-control pile-up at the Post Office's distribution center, our October 31 issue did not reach subscribers on schedule. The postal authorities assure us that this issue is now on its way (two weeks late) to subscribers. We greatly regret this unconscionable mail delay and will be glad to send a replacement to any subscriber who still has not received his COMMONWEAL PAPERS 4.

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was thrown to the AMA wolves by the President after offering him the top Federal health post), have a health status which is "abysmally bad and almost totally neglected."

It is no longer original to cite figures about the gap which the United States occupies among the world's industrial nations in infant mortality (14th) or adult longevity (18th), or that every other industrialized nation in the world—save one—has some form of compulsory health care (Canada will soon have it working in all provinces).

The Philistines still control the ramparts in the House of Delegates of the AMA, but the winds of change are blowing through the medical fraternity. "There is growing agreement," says *Medical Economics*, "that health care is a right, rather than a privilege and that pressures will be on Congress to make health services available to all—regardless of ability to pay—and that they are going to increase tremendously in the next few years." The unheard of disturbance at the AMA convention this summer surfaced to the public the existence of a myriad of medical "white hats," such as the Medical Committee for Human Rights, the Medical Liberation Front, the Student Health Organization—all with programs and memberships both socially radical and militant.

Together with the Student AMA, the National Medical Association and the Student NMA (black MD's who have traditionally experienced personal as well as professional exclusion), they form a social conscience and activist left in American medicine, which gives every promise of being the first defectors in the emerging health care fight. More important, as activist youth groups, they could represent a coming generation of new medical leadership which would replace what Prof. Elton Rayack calls "the anti-intellectualism, the preoccupation with 'medical economics' and the resistance to change" which has characterized the AMA since 1920.

The National Health Insurance plan outlined by the Committee last Oct. 15 would cover all Americans, would be operated by the Federal Government and would be financed by both payroll and general taxes. Doctors and hospitals would be paid directly by the plan. Yale University Medical School Professor I. S. Falk told the conference that possibly 40-billions are spent annually for personal medical services that would be covered by the national health insurance plan. The Committee's proposals would not only reduce the nation's health care tab but also revamp the medical system with incentives for efficiency and delivery.

The AMA and participants from nurses, hospitals and other special medical interest groups listened as might stockholders of various corporate fiefdoms hear the spokesman for a conglomerate announce the state of things to come. Walter Reuther, the stormy petrel of American labor who is Committee chairman, told the

(Continued on page 240)

A Report From The Future

WASHINGTON, April 30, 1972—In response to the Moratorium campaign that has just paralyzed all America for 30 straight days, President Nixon today appealed to "the great silent majority."

Referring to the 175 million Americans who have protested Administration war policy this month, Mr. Nixon declared, "I cannot let the nation be dictated to by a minority viewpoint, no matter how many Americans support it. I know that is not the easy way. It is the right way. Reason must prevail."

Mr. Nixon explained that "any American has the right to reach a different conclusion than the Administration's and to advocate that point of view.

"But if he expects his position to have any effect on government policy," Mr. Nixon warned, "then this nation has no future as a free society."

The President's remarks were elaborated upon by Vice President Spiro T. Agnew at a fund-raising banquet in Yazoo City, Mississippi.

"We will not be seduced," declared Agnew, "by the philosophical lubricities of an effeminate corps of emasculated intellectuals straddling the fence of the ideological seraglio."

"I am the only President you have," Mr. Nixon pointed out to an estimated TV audience of 300. "That is not a threat," he quickly added. "It is a statement of policy."

Asked later how the President reconciled his rejection of "minority rule" with the reported number of war critics, a Presidential aide explained that it was very difficult to distinguish the vocal minority from the great silent majority.

"Americans look so much alike," he said. "Some of them are in the vocal minority by day and the great silent majority by night. Actually, only a small percentage are in the vocal minority by day *and* night. You can tell them by their black pajamas."

"We have to separate out the rotten apples," explained Vice President Agnew in his Yazoo City speech, "before the inevitable, terrible, blood-curdling, fantastic, stupendous repression sets in. If you've seen one vocal minority, you've seen them all."

The Vice President stated that only punchy talk would get through to the vocal minority. "Take my daughter Kim, for example. Well, it's caused a little mutual trauma, keeping her locked up for two years now. I respect her idealism, of course. And I've drawn up a timetable for her release, although making it public would remove any incentive for negotiations.

"Most people really support President Nixon," Mr. Agnew concluded.

"In their hearts they know he's right."

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conference that the country's health system needed "restructuring" because it is providing "unacceptable, unsatisfactory, second-rate health-care services." Texas heart surgeon Dr. Michael DeBakey, medical philanthropist Mrs. Albert D. Lasker and Whitney M. Young Jr. serve as vice-chairmen of the Committee, which is populated with medical names (more than half) as well as academic, political and civil rights notables.

Any of the senators on the Committee could introduce the plan this session of Congress, including Republican John Sherman Cooper or Democrats Edward Kennedy or Ralph Yarborough. The latter was lined up as the dinner speaker at another "Crisis in Health Care" conference later in the month in Washington, sponsored by the AFL-CIO's Industrial Union Department. National insurance proponents are working both sides of the labor street to prevent any split in the ranks because of the recent Reuther exodus from the family.

How physicians react to what the AMA has already promised will loom largely on the immediate prospects for national health insurance. And there is evidence that many of them agree with Harvard Medical Dean Robert Ebert who calls private practice "one of the last of the pushcart industries." RUSSELL W. GIBBONS

(Russell W. Gibbons, a frequent contributor, is a labor editor in Pittsburgh.)

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POSTPONING COLLEGIALITY

THE SYNOD OF OUR DISCONTENT

Four years after the Vatican Council, during which the bishops discovered and proclaimed their collegial responsibility, "collegiality" is still considered the main problem of the church. So important, in fact, that an "extraordinary" synod was called to discuss it (though it must be remembered that this does not mean extraordinarily important or urgent, but only less representative than the ordinary or "general" synod). This may be unrealistic (many outside and in the synod have said that the real problems of the church today lie elsewhere); it is no less disappointing. We must, however, recognize that the past four years have shown little or no progress in the practice of collegiality. We need only mention the cases of Schillebeeckx, Illich, the *Dutch Catechism*, and the most clamorous of all, *Humanae Vitae*, to show that little has changed in the attitude of Rome towards the body of bishops, who, according to *Lumen Gentium*, are responsible for the church, *with* and under the pope.

While many of the council fathers had a clear idea of what they meant by collegiality, its expression in the Constitution on the Church was much less clear, and because of the concern for the largest possible consensus, it was watered down still further. When, even so, some 300 bishops out of around 2,200 persisted in their opposition, the famous *Nota praevia explicativa* was added, which was ambiguous enough to rally 2,151 votes for the constitution, while only five negative votes were registered. Since then, it has enabled the conservative minority (many of whom were entrenched in the Roman curia) to continue their usual practice, while talking the language of the council.

A clear case in point is the synod itself. The idea was launched in the council as a practical application of the principle of collegiality, and it was envisaged as an effective permanent body of church government, immediately under the pope, and above the curia. The debate had hardly begun, when it was cut short by Pope Paul, who took the bishops by surprise with a *motu proprio*, instituting a synod of bishops which fell far short of the expectations raised in the council. It would have no power of government, but would only assist the pope with advice and information. Moreover, it would only do so when convoked by the pope and regarding such questions as he would put before them. The fact that the document even forgot to use conciliar language and never once mentioned "collegiality" only proved that it was written in great haste. A similar gaucherie was carefully avoided ever since: in all later documents *Lumen Gentium* is quoted as obsequiously as the Bible and Denzinger.

Two years later, in 1967, the first synod was held. It was an ordinary meeting, i.e. the presidents of the national bishops' conferences were accompanied by one or more bishops elected by their colleagues. Before the synod began, some theologians tried to prove that it was a true organ of collegiality, meant to perpetuate the influence of the council, and urged the bishops to exercise their episcopal rights. But in his opening speech Pope Paul made it clear that he intended them to stick to the advisory function outlined in his *motu proprio*. The main business was the discussion of a document prepared by Cardinal Ottaviani, in which the old *carabiniere*, not for the first time, sought approval for a new *Syllabus* of errors. The bishops used the only way left open to them to assert their independence: they dismissed the document as theologically insufficient and asked for the institution of a theological commission in which all tendencies would be represented.

In the following two years the bombshell *Humanae Vitae* exploded, with the effect everyone will recall. After the first tearful months, with the specter of schism flitting before his eyes, the Pope decided the time had come to discuss what, then, everybody else meant by collegiality.

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He announced a second meeting of the synod in which the bishops would assist him with their advice on the relations between themselves and the Holy See, and among themselves. During the preparation of this synod the bishops received—characteristically—a "schema" of discussion, prepared exclusively in Rome; and Pope Paul —even more characteristically—issued, without consulting the episcopate, new norms about the function of papal nuncios, surely an important part of the relations to be discussed at the synod.

The "schema" was, as usual, secret, but fortunately secrets are no longer kept in the church and soon it was openly discussed. Most theologians judged it extremely weak. In its conception of collegiality it lagged far behind even the *nota praevia,* reducing it practically to an *affectus collegialis*—a nice enough sentiment, but hardly one to cut any ice in the present situation. It insisted so strongly on the absolute power and freedom of the pope, that no room seemed to be left for any real responsibility of the bishops in the government of the church. And, while it abounded in pious phrases, it entirely lacked another characteristic of Roman documents: juridical precision. In the ensuing debate Cardinal Suenens, in his famous interviews to *Informations catholiques internationales* and *Paris Match*, came out strongly against the current practice of the curia and its conception of papal primacy. He was rebuked by Cardinal Tisserant, sadly admonished by the Pope, and Cardinal Daniélou gave a counter-interview to prove that what was needed in the church today was clear and solemn teaching from a papacy not conditioned by any episcopal collegiality. In September, Msgr. Rubin, secretary of the synod, told the press that the schema would be the basis for discussion in the synod and that the agenda was too heavy to allow for discussion of any of the secondary questions proposed by various bishops' conferences, such as the authority crisis after *Humanae Vitae*, celibacy, mixed marriages, etc.

Hopes were low when the synod started. The bishops, with the tired gesture of habit, brushed the schema under the table and sent Cardinal Seper's doctrinal report back for further theological study—they did not even bother by whom. They then settled down for the discussion of the main problem: the relations between Rome and the bishops. The number of diehard conservatives was surprisingly low and mainly localized in two areas: Africa and Eastern Europe. Both had obvious reasons for accentuating papal primacy: the African churches are too young for independence, the Eastern churches need Rome in their precarious relations with the socialist authorities. They therefore defended the Pope's rights against an imaginary attack: for the papal primacy was not, nor had been, under attack. The other bishops had come, harassed by innumerable grave problems at home, and they needed elbow-room to solve them. They certainly did not deny the pope's final responsibility for the whole church, but neither did they want their personal responsibility for their own dioceses denied by a too rigid application of papal primacy. At the same time they felt their common responsibility for the whole church and asked for the creation of effective instruments through which they might cooperate with the pope. Since the synod itself seemed capable of evolving into such an instrument, part of the discussions were dedicated to its functions and methods. The final votes were modest enough and were immediately accepted by the pope: a synod every two years, a more efficient permanent secretariat, the possibility, on the part of the bishops, to propose the questions to be discussed. On the other proposals, regarding mutual consultation and information, better communications between the Roman congregations and the bishops' conferences, etc., the Pope said he would "meditate before Christ, in the intimate sanctuary of his conscience" and would communicate his decisions as soon as possible.

This, then, is the final image the synod has left: the lonely figure of Peter's successor, alone in the "intimate sanctuary of his conscience," and unable, ever, to share with others the colossal weight he carries on his shoulders. It is a tragic image—tragic for the man Giovanni Battista Montini, and tragic for the church. Once more, its problems have not been faced and, as Cardinal Alfrink said to a gathering of bishops and priests at the Lateran University, the danger is great that others "will continue the work of purifying and renewing the church without us."

One task lies now before the bishops as they come home empty-handed. Since real collegiality will not be granted from above, it must grow from below. It was discovered by the bishops at the council, when they were together for long periods, listening to one another, learning from one another, helping one another. Though each is now back in his own diocese, facing his own problems, they still need one another. They must find ways to build, in the everyday life of the church, the same solidarity which marked the Vatican Council. Perhaps in some national conferences this new collegiality is growing, but it must extend beyond national boundaries, as it did during the council. Until now, the college of bishops has been a beautiful theory, not a reality. Now it must be made, not through supranational curias, not through occasional "symposia," but through real solidarity by which each church can count on the respect, the understanding and the help of the others. It is a difficult, but urgent task, for which no permission is needed. The bishops must create their college *now*—not, certainly against the pope, but in order to be ready for the day, and it may be soon, when the pope, and the church, will need them.

HENRY TEN KORTENAAR

(Henry ten Kortenaar, a long-time observer of the Vatican scene, is working in Rome as a journalist and translator.)

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The President's Speech

"My 14-year-old daughter, Kim, wanted to wear a black arm band to school, . . . So I took a lot of time to tell her how we got involved in Vietnam, and the situation there, and so on. She said, 'I understand what you're saying, but I don't agree.' So I explained the whole situation again, about the 1954 accord, and the 1962 accord, and she said, 'All right, but why not just get all of them out of there?' "

—Spiro Agnew, *Newsweek*, Nov. 3, 1969

We are a nation of Kims by now, and so the President went on the air to explain the whole situation again and get us to take off our black arm bands and stay at home. He will not succeed, no more than did Spiro. Indeed the President seemed to have a 14-year-old audience in mind, but 14-year-olds are a good deal smarter about these things than they used to be. The President emphasized America's right to know the truth and admitted the profound lack of confidence in the government's word. He then related a version of the war's origin which no respected scholar, of whatever attitude toward the war, would affirm. Even 14-year-olds know that North Vietnam did not launch a campaign to take over the South in 1954. They know that the U.S. did not become involved in Vietnam "in the first place" at that time, but that we had already contributed $1.4 billion to the French colonial war effort. A few may know that in April, 1954, *before* the Geneva conference, *before* there even was a North Vietnam to invade the South, Mr. Nixon suggested sending American troups to fight for French colonialism.

Why go over that old ground? Only to make the point that, for all his surface sincerity, Mr. Nixon has not yet decided to tell the truth to the nation.

There was a swelling of sympathy for President Nixon immediately after his speech. That is not surprising. Did not the President write the whole speech by himself? A truly remarkable achievement if one is to judge by the attention given the fact. Did not the President nearly memorize his speech—"just like Winston Churchill"? The whole thing was dressed up like an Elocution Contest, and naturally we feel sympathetic for the poor, nervous kid who finished somewhere in the middle, right between Susan Kiefer and clever Freddy Schwartz.

Besides, who could advocate "precipitate" withdrawal? The word means hasty; it also means *too* hasty, premature, rash, without sufficient deliberation. No one favors precipitate anything. Obviously, the only genuine question is *when* is withdrawal precipitate. And turn and twist as he may, Nixon finally answers that any withdrawal is precipitate if it does not leave the Saigon regime fully entrenched in power. That is the meaning of "Vietnamization," and that is the meaning of the famous, secret, flexible "timetable." The idea that the U.S. will leave as soon as Saigon has a good *chance* of survival is nonsense. We will not turn over planes and the rest of our advanced arsenal to an army that merely has a *chance*. We will want to be *sure*. And what if the U.S. is never able to be sure of Saigon's staying power? Well, friends, you will probably be hearing another sincere, anguished speech from your President.

I doubt that it will take the public long to see through the latest U.S. plan. The military is already announcing what the plan will mean in practice: 175,000 to 250,000 men still in Vietnam in 1972; some of that number to be committed there indefinitely; continued support, in weapons, funds and supplies, for Saigon, with no cut-off date. *If all goes "well."* And how long will it be before all ceases to go "well" (i.e., the Vietcong and Hanoi demonstrate their refusal to give up the struggle)? Then will come the delays and the postponements, and possibly even escalations, with the usual complaints that the other side hasn't played fair.

Four and a half years ago, President Johnson gave his speech at Johns Hopkins University. Some of us hailed that speech, although much it contained was absolutely untrue, was simply rhetorical display, or was politically quite dangerous. A small step forward, we thought nonetheless; and gave the President the benefit of the doubt. There is no passage in the Johns Hopkins address so painful to read today as that in which Johnson lamented the loss of "some 400 young men, born into an America bursting with opportunity and promise." Four hundred men!

That was 44,400 American lives ago.

It was also hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese lives ago—who consults that silent majority? And yet Mr. Nixon's speech, longer and more poorly worded, is essentially the same as Mr. Johnson's in 1965. One can correlate them, paragraph by paragraph, point by point: America's justifications; America's determination; America's innocent objectives; the peace "gimmick" (a Mekong river project then, secret communications now); and finally the prayerful conclusion. Perhaps our leaders have learned nothing. The public, I think, has learned a lot. PETER STEINFELS

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FINANCING THE WORLD EMPIRE

Playing the money game by Uncle Sam's rules

MICHAEL HUDSON

The International Monetary Fund is an arena, where the world's economic blocs jockey for position in a game whose eternal controversy is whether the ground rules of economic power shall favor surplus or deficit countries, creditors or debtors. October's annual joint IMF-World Bank meeting saw the rules of the game altered in favor of the deficit countries, whose case was pleaded by representatives of the dollar-sterling bloc.

The IMF's original "hard" (or pro-creditor) ground rules were established in 1944 at the insistence of U.S. representatives, in their successful bid to maintain gold as the fulcrum of world economic power and America's gold stock as the great lever of this power. So long as the United States held the lion's share of the planet's bullion, it defended this "discipline of gold." Because the IMF is organized just like a joint stock corporation with voting rights (as well as borrowing rights) proportional to the number of shares subscribed to, and because the U.S. holds over one-fourth of these shares, it has always had the major voice in making fund policy. For 25 years the Fund's credit system was based on gold-multiples of its member countries' subscriptions (their "gold tranches"). Seeing its gold reserves depleted by more than 50 percent over the past two decades, however, and seeing what remained of this gold mortgaged to European central banks by virtue of their growing liquid dollar claims, U.S. economists were canvassed to draw up plans for dethroning gold. The U.S. Treasury settled on one calling for gold to be replaced by a new international reserve asset, created essentially out of thin air (that is, simply credited to member nations on IMF books) and lent to deficit countries up to a given multiple of their original capital subscriptions. These assets may now be turned over to surplus countries in place of gold or foreign exchange. In this respect the new "money" represents a monetization of balance-of-payments deficits just as in most countries today the domestic money supply tends to be a monetization of increasing government debt.

Primary among the world's deficit nations, of course, and primary in gold-tranche subscriptions and their associated voting weight in the IMF, are the United States and Britain. Acting in concert, they urged the new "denationalized" debt instrument upon the surplus nations: instead of accumulating more dollars and pounds outright, these nations would henceforth hold "special drawing rights" (SDR's), so termed because they permit deficit countries to "draw upon" the resources of surplus countries, giving in return IOU's never to be repaid. The bankers have now become themselves their own borrowers.

Because the new debt instruments represent obligations not of the U.S. and British gold stocks (as was the case under the "key currency" system), but claims on the IMF as an "international" monetary agency—albeit a captive agency of the dollar-sterling axis—much of the financial liability for today's international disequilibrium is to be removed from the United States and Britain, which will remain the major beneficiaries of this disequilibrium.

This debtor's strategy was understandably opposed by those nations not planning to run sustained balance of payments deficits in the near future. Europe's Common Market countries in particular stood little to gain from the new reserve asset. After a dispirited protest, however, even the French gave in, and the U.S. and British treasuries successfully extracted from the payments-surplus bloc further financing for their anticipated payments deficits in the 1970's—hardly an indication that their plans of policing a world empire are to be curtailed.

The upshot of the IMF meetings is that European cen-

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tral banks will continue to bear the foreign exchange costs of the war in Southeast Asia, for it is from this war that the U.S. payments deficit derives. The new SDR's are in this respect essentially a monetization of the war's foreign exchange costs. Mankind is to be crucified on a cross not of gold, but on a monetized war debt, analogous to that of the greenback financing resorted to during the U.S. Civil War, which yielded inevitably to the deflation decried so eloquently by Bryan and his followers. Such is the burden of war on future generations.

This essentially political-military nature of SDR's has been blurred by the disembodied and abstract quality of discussion in the Anglo-Saxon press. Growth of world monetary reserves has been counterposed to that of "world trade" as if the function of international reserves were to supply a kind of "transactions demand" to finance this trade. It is endlessly reiterated that because world trade has grown more rapidly than world gold output in recent decades, and because foreign countries no longer appear willing to accumulate further dollar holdings, a new monetary reserve asset must be developed to supplement and ultimately supplant gold.

Erroneous Views

Underlying this theory is an erroneous view of the function of international finance, and an erroneous view of the nature of today's balance of payments disequilibrium. Quite simply, there is no reason why international reserves *should* grow in keeping with increasing world trade: their function is not to finance foreign trade as such, but *disequilibria* in world trade. This trade could multiply tenfold, but so long as it remained in balance—with exports growing in step with imports—there would be no increased net credit or debit balances to settle. Only if disequilibria in world trade grew as rapidly as the total volume of this trade would additional liquidity be needed—and it was precisely to prevent such disequilibria from materializing that the IMF was established on conservative grounds in 1944.

Even more important, however, is the fact that the U.S. and British payments deficits since World War II have derived not from imbalances in their trade position (the United States was until 1968 in continuous trade surplus), and indeed not from transactions on private sector account at all, but from government spending, mainly of a military nature. Rather than requiring increased "liquidity" to finance foreign trade, the Treasury requires new financing to sustain the nation's exorbitant military and other governmental expenditures throughout the world.

It must be emphasized that what is jocularly termed "foreign aid" has *not* contributed to this country's payments deficit in recent years, but in fact produces a net *inflow* of foreign exchange. This occurs because virtually all "aid"—excepting that of a military nature—is tied to expenditures in the United States, that is, to exports of U.S. goods and services. Because the condition on which most of this aid is extended is that it must at some point be repaid in U.S. dollars, *with interest*, it produces over a time a net balance of payments inflow. In 1968 this inflow amounted to some $903 million. In this manner the backward countries have been drawn increasingly into the dollar bloc: their rising burden of debt-service to the United States, the IMF and the World Bank, has periodically forced them to refinance their debt, on economic and political terms set by the U.S. Treasury and its international agencies.

The U.S. government deficit in the balance of payments, currently running at some $3.4 billion annually, derives essentially from outflows on military account ($3.4 billion in 1968), as the remaining net debit on agency operations abroad ($888 billion) is largely offset by the inflow on "foreign aid" account.

The U.S. private sector, by way of contrast, showed an extraordinary $5.3 billion surplus in 1968. The quality of its net surplus has been seriously deteriorating in recent years, however: if we segregate the private sector's balance on "basic" (or "long-term") international transactions—foreign trade, direct investment flows and their associated income streams, and the usual services such as transportation and travel—we find the net balance to have deteriorated from an inflow of about $2 billion annually prior to 1965, to an *out*flow of $1.3 billion last year. What "improvement" as has occurred on private sector transactions has stemmed entirely from tenuous flows of liquid capital, mainly Eurodollar borrowings by U.S. commercial banks in response to the credit squeeze here, and foreign funds flowing into the U.S. stock market in response to our inflation.

In fact, it is only disequilibrium in the country's domestic economy that has rescued its balance of payments position. The U.S. inflation and its associated credit stringency, caused in large part by the domestic burden of war expenditures coming on top of an already fully employed economy, has ironically paid a balance-of-payments dividend: rising stock prices traditionally associated with inflationary movements have attracted foreign investment capital, while U.S. banks have been strongly induced to borrow European funds through their foreign branches. European private capital has thus indirectly supplemented the more direct European central bank financing of the United States' world policing effort.

Only by maintaining chronic domestic disequilibrium can the United States sustain even a modicum of balance in its international payments. Eurodollar borrowing by U.S. banks will persist only so long as interest rates in this country exceed those abroad—indicating that today's high interest rates will be here for some time, at least as long as U.S. overseas military expenditures persist at or near present levels. A serious deflationary movement in this country, however, would produce a sharp market

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downturn (with or without "peace"), leading in all probability to foreign liquidation of U.S. common stocks. The United States thus finds itself in the awkward position of not being able to loosen credit and reduce interest rates substantially—for fear of repatriation of Eurodollar borrowings, which so far in 1969 alone have amounted to an incredible $8 billion—nor see credit tightened and interest rates raised further, for fear of seeing foreigners dispose of their common stocks (which they already seem to have begun during June and July, the most recent months for which statistics are available). Clearly, a more secure monetary base is necessary upon which to maintain the foreign exchange costs of Pax Americana.

Viewed in this light, the function of SDRs is seen to have nothing to do with anything so abstract as "world trade": rather, they were established at the instigation of U.S. authorities to finance this nation's chronic balance of payments deficit ensuing from its Cold War activities. Beneath the forest of euphemisms concerning "expanding world liquidity" lies the successful attempt by the United States to finance its imperial expenses in the 1970's with resources supplied mainly by the continental European countries. In effect, the recent "structural reform" of the IMF is akin to a *tax* to be levied upon the Common Market's economic growth, as well as on the other surplus countries consenting to accept the new IMF debt-assets in place of American and British gold. This tax is to be paid to an emerging dollar bloc comprised of the United States, Britain, Canada and Latin America, which purchase more from the remaining "surplus bloc" than they supply in the form of goods, services and real capital assets. As a result, the gold standard's classical inducement to restore international equilibrium has been supplanted by a universal inducement for nations to turn to deficit financing, in order to win for their own treasuries the tax implicit in the new monetized debt.

In such a situation classical and neo-classical equilibrium theory can offer little. Inasmuch as the U.S. payments deficit has derived and will continue to derive from decisions of an essentially non-economic nature (e.g., "defense of the American sphere of influence"), what indeed can economic theory reply, save to demonstrate that today's "adjustment process" will no longer work "through the marketplace," but through diplomatic arrangements based on international power politics. Economic liberalism, if it ever really lived, is now certainly dead. A new era of monetary nationalism has been inaugurated.

Spooks and blacklists at HEW

TOO BAD, MR. NOBEL LAUREATE

WES BARTHELMES

The "black capes," the spooks of the domestic agencies, bureaus and departments of the Federal Government, are undergoing one of those episodic moments of discomfort in Washington. Source of their discomforture is the outraged publicity being given them by a few civil libertarians among the press corps quartered on the Federal plantation. Alas, if past periodic disclosures are a reliable guide, the publicity will diminish and the black capes will be able to resume unhampered their work on their favorite political furnishing, the feared and disreputable "blacklist."

Last June, there occurred the latest exposure of affronts to the Constitution and abuses of human beings, who happen also to be distinguished and productive scientists and medical men. Specifically, the spotlight focused on an entrenched system of pre-appointment "suitability and security checks" associated with the most notorious of the security-conscious civilian departments—the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (HEW). Subsidiaries of HEW include the Public Health Service, the Food and Drug Administration, the National Institute of Health, the National Institute of Mental Health and the Office of Education. The case in point was that several men had become disqualified for appointment to certain of the more than 400 HEW "advisory" panels whose members allocate fellowships, decide suitable areas for research, and perform other related tasks unexceptionally unrelated to hush-hush security matters. Among those who acknowledge they had been barred are Clement Markert, the chairman of the biology department at Yale University and former president of the American Institute of Biological Sciences; Brewster Smith, chairman of the psychology department at the University of Chicago; and Theodore Newcomb of the University of Michigan, a former president of the American Psychological Association. The alarm heightened when in October it was disclosed that among the casualties of the "blacklist" was Dr. Salvador E. Luria, who had just been awarded a Nobel Prize in medicine.

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Ludicrous contradictions were uncovered as in the case of an academician who couldn't pass muster at HEW but at the same time was serving on a Defense Department advisory panel. There also has been one instance of a scientist who was denied appointment to an HEW advisory board yet received HEW funds to work on a project in his specialty area.

The scientific community has not been insensitive to this mud-slinging. More than one year ago, two dozen organizations asked HEW to demolish pre-appointment clearances for advisory panels. Another group of concerned organizations asked Wilbur Cohen, then HEW Secretary, to abandon the whole malpractice because rejections known to the group seemed to be based upon "irrelevant or archaic considerations." The group also said that those denied clearance thereby suffered a loss in professional standing and their talents were lost to the Government.

HEW's responses, with one exception, to such entreaties have been typically slippery, spongy and equivocal. A few, who once held high-level HEW positions, issued statements that reflected a dog-in-the-manger attitude or a suddenly found sense of outrage and virtue. Also undisclosed by HEW are the reasons for rejecting those proposed for appointment. As in security matters, there existed a lack of appeal provisions for a panel nominee who wondered who or what hit him. There are familiar indications that flimsy information (youthful associations) or irrelevant information (participating in an anti-Vietnam protest) may have been factors. Again, as usual, scientists with "liberal" or "left-wing" views are suspected, while those who keep political company with the likes of Herman Kahn and Edward Teller seem to be unscathed.

The chief HEW spook, internal security director Frederick H. Schmidt, is more visible than most of his fellow travelers. He's appeared on television. He's given at least one interview. He told Bryce Nelson, the aggressive *Science* magazine reporter, that his office has no written guidelines but that "primarily a common-sense judgment" is exercised.

Common-sense? One is reminded of the opening sentence of *The Trial* by Franz Kafka: "Someone must have been telling lies about Joseph K. for without having done anything wrong he was arrested one fine morning. . . ."

Checking Wastebaskets

The matter goes far beyond the current episode, however. It is, of course, unpalatable that accomplished scientists and medical men have been felled by this "blacklisting." But they are a relatively few of the thousands of Federal employees or prospective employees who over the years have been victims of the system of "security" checks. Those with high professional attainments at least reap a "consolation" of an indignant editorial in the *Washington Post* or the *New York Times*. But those of more modest attainments seldom have their plight publicized—or their situation remedied. Even in misfortune, those at the top of the heap suffer less. Permanent employees must endure all manner of constrictions by department spooks to whom no one or no thing is safe, healthy or innocent. Wastebaskets are inspected. Bathrooms are placed under surveillance. The extent of wiretapping and other aspects of employee-surveillance is not yet measured. The "Federal employees" columns, published in each daily newspaper in Washington, are replete with authenticated accounts of invasion of employee-privacy. Worse, there is no reason to doubt that the fearsome fraternity of spooks both feed into and feed off the raw files of the so-called internal security committees of the Congress. In a city, fueled by fear and ambition, these activities thrive.

The personal fouls against the scientists cannot be understood except in an historical and systematic context. The matter does no honor to any Administration or to any President. For example, Democrats should not smugly assume that these suitability and security checks are by Richard Nixon out of Spiro Agnew. The whole damn system has its roots in the late 1930s, as typified by the establishment of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. The system grew like crab-grass in the soil of the Cold War. In 1947, President Truman established a comprehensive government employee loyalty program. The same year the committees of the Congress began to reach beyond Government to inquire into the "loyalty" of those working in Hollywood, labor unions, defense plants, etc. Some of the most disputable legislation to contradict Communists was hatched by panicky Democrats, such as Hubert Humphrey, during the unsavory reign of terror of Joe McCarthy. The system grew under bipartisan collaboration. One harvest was the "blacklist."

Now our Government has both a right and a duty to protect itself and its citizens against political and foreign subversion, properly adjudicated. In the course of so doing, however, there is created that troublesome problem of reconciliating legitimate demands of internal security and affirming political freedom guaranteed by the Constitution.

Why isn't something done about the security efforts that trespass upon decency and fairness?

There are several reasons—*none* persuasive except to harassed top-echelon career and politically appointed department chiefs cloistered in Washington. It is not likely that a "one-man crusade" will civilize the system of internal-security screening by a man of sensibility and decency, such as the incumbent HEW Secretary Robert Finch. Why?

An important HEW official, who off-duty may be a card-carrying, dues-paying civil libertarian, on the job may not see the matter as one of high priority among the

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stacks of items within his department. There are billions of dollars to allocate and account for, and tens of thousands of employees to administer (100,000 in HEW alone), and dozens of vital programs to operate. An employee-clearance system simply doesn't do more than catch his eye from time to time. Our well-intentioned top official may even be annoyed, or worse, if a persistent underling insists on pushing the matter.

Let Us Postulate

Or let us postulate that our well-intentioned top official decides one day that this abomination must cease. Then he encounters an admonishment from a career assistant or a White House staff member that any effort to inject equity into the employee clearance system would endanger the department's relations with a patrioteering political primitive who sits strategically on the House appropriations subcommittee handling the department's budget. "Lay-off," he's told in effect.

Or let's return to our conscientious, highly-placed subordinate. He has very few opportunities for example, to see a department assistant, under- or full secretary. Not only are the opportunities infrequent but the amount of time allocated to an appointment itself is brief. He's faced with a choice of discussing (1) a need for more employees for an important vital program, or (2) explaining a proposal to improve a flawed program or (3) talking about an aggrieved scientist wrongfully denied clearance to an advisory position. In the bureaucratic jargon, such a subordinate has only a few prized "chits" to play and he's not apt to choose the scientist as his discussion piece. Too bad, Mr. Nobel Laureate.

Not that commendable efforts are never made. Late in October, Under Secretary of HEW John G. Veneman sent out a memorandum to other HEW officials. The memo, discussing the publicized matter of HEW "blacklists," stated: "While I am aware of no such lists, should there be any at any level of the department, they must be discontinued and destroyed. . . . I want to stress to you in the strongest possible terms that maintaining any list of disapproved individuals is in violation of Department policy and regulations. . . ."

Mr. Veneman says destroy such "lists." But there are some reliable indications that there may not literally be "lists" in the sense of a recording of names on pieces of paper. But are there somewhere a number of 3x5-inch file cards each bearing an individual scientist's name and a notation of some sort indicating "unsuitability"? Does the laudable Veneman memo cover such a situation? Bryce Nelson of *Science* may have posed the more correct question: "Does the upper hand really know what the under hand is doing?"

In any event, top-level memos to the contrary, the spooks continue to toil away with only press publicity to distract them.

A THEOLOGY OF WIFE SWAPPING

THE SCREEN

"Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice," we are told, is "this year's 'The Graduate'." A depressing thought, as though every year must have its own "The Graduate," much as it has Flag Day or winter. At any rate, "B&C&T&A" has swiftly become an object of critical dispute. The *New York Times'* Vincent Canby having pasted it with a "sniggering," "B&C&T&A" advertisements pasted him back by running other reviewers' anti-Canby remarks. Their big gun, of course, was that friend of Everymovie, Pauline Kael; and Miss Kael's appearance on one side of any barricade guarantees that of John Simon on the other side, practicing his usual overKael.

Made by veterans of Chicago's Second City revue, "B&C&T&A" satirizes the "sensitivity revolution" in what is really a series of skits: Bob and Carol at an Esalen-type institute; Bob and Carol forcing their conventional friends, Ted and Alice, to be "honest" and "open" in some after-dinner therapy; Bob guiltily confessing adultery only to be congratulated for his honesty by Carol, who is so proud of this little breakthrough in openness that she shares the news with Ted and Alice. And then we work the other side of the street: Alice upset at Carol's revelation; Alice and Ted uptight in bed; Alice at the psychoanalyst; Ted in the adolescent throes of seven-year itch; and so on.

Some of the satire is excellent, but as a movie, "B&C&T&A" makes a fine series of skits. Those cardboard creatures which stand up perfectly well in a five-minute sketch are too thin to last out a movie. Bob and Carol come through as generally stupid people; and the small sum of character granted them by the cabaret script, multiplied by the zero of Natalie Wood's and Robert Culp's acting, leaves a blank at the center of the film. Ted and Alice have a little more character, Alice the prude and Ted the down-to-earth bungler—he is the movie's reality principle, insofar as it ever escapes Southern California and grazes reality—but they have no more brains. A full-length movie demands someone to sympathize with; so there they are, the targets of the film's satirical thrusts, Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice, in their technicolor attractiveness, and sympathize we do. When the film ends in a regular mudpuddle of sympathy, its ambivalence, and ours, about the main characters is only confirmed.

If there is a single object for the movie's satire, it is the notion that through "openness" and "honesty" one can transcend mere physical acts: mind, or at least *feeling*, over matter. Bob commits adultery. Well fine, it was only a physical thing, he really loves Carol. Besides, as Carol explains, he wasn't cheating on her; he told her,

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didn't he? A definition of "cheating" Bob (momentarily) finds hard to accept. The *reductio ad absurdum* comes when Alice maliciously proposes a spouse-swapping orgy; and the group, swept on by the logic of their new-found liberation ("It's just sex . . . it'll be purely physical"), hop into bed. Of course, they can't go through with it, and awash with insight, the couples dress and go out to hear Tony Bennett. (Aren't there some sins worse than wife-swapping?) They seem to encounter Federico Fellini instead, and the movie concludes in an "8½"-style parade, apparently celebrating the very sensitivity gobbledegook it so lately satirized.

The ending of "B&C&T&A" is, in fact, only moderately meretricious, an improvement for American films, which now frequently wait till their conclusions to fall apart. We don't seem to be able to finish a movie satisfactorily these days; we shoot our heroes off their motorcycles ("Easy Rider") or arbitrarily crack them up in an auto crash ("Medium Cool") or, as in "B&C&T&A," march them around in a festival of Luv. But why not trade the Hollywood cop-out for the solid laughs earlier provided, and call it a bargain?

The problem, of course, is that "B&C&T&A" purports to be a movie about sex, a subject on which the great confused American public is as ready to swallow any sort of pap as it was ready to swallow "The Graduate" 's sparkling eyewash about the Generation Gap. Instead of a funny movie to be taken lightly, it is probably destined to be a funny movie taken very seriously.

Actually, "B&C&T&A" is not so much a comedy of morals, or even manners, but of mannerisms. At one point Ted and Alice argue about whether Bob's great sin was committing adultery or *telling* Carol about it (a stock twist for bedroom comedy: what you don't know won't hurt you). If the film answers that question, the answer is that *telling* is the error, just as Carol's sin is not in accepting her husband's adultery but in *telling* Alice and Ted about it as though she were joyously announcing a pregnancy. It is, finally, the *way* the characters tell one another about intimate events that provides the humor. Some genuine satire is made of the substitution of faddish slogans and pop-psychology clichés for a real emotional life. Which is fine, but says very little about the specific significance of sexual acts, let alone anything about marital fidelity or infidelity. The same satirical mechanism could be switched, without loss of insight, to clichés about politics or art. Not that the box office would welcome that.

Furthermore, the movie—again with its eye on the box office?—carefully distributes its jabs, pulls its punches, or simply feints. The ludicrosities of the square hippies, Bob and Carol, are balanced by the ludicrosities of the square squares, Ted and Alice. What is perhaps the key scene in the movie, Bob's confession of adultery to Carol, ends with the two of them making love on the bathroom floor while the camera withdraws to the height of a fatherly God looking down on this domestic bliss. The effect is to wash away the preceding moments of satire, unless this shot, too, is satire. Of what? Of the fact that Bob and Carol are the only people in the world whose bathroom has a 50-foot ceiling? And finally one suspects that the enlightenment which strikes in the midst of the attempted orgy is largely due to the stupidity of packing four in a double bed rather than retiring properly to separate rooms. Even orgies demand a little logistics.

Directors Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker have played their satire close to the chest. Is this subtlety? Or just playing it safe—so that sensitivity sympathizers and their ilk may not take offense, or even miss the barbs altogether? Preserve us from the kind of "satirical" outrage Terry Southern and Tony Richardson performed on "The Loved One," or which flawed "Doctor Strangelove." But still, satire should clearly show its hand, stiletto and all.

Directors, of course, ought not be blamed for the loutishness of their audiences, although Mazursky and Tucker have pandered to the middle class's uneasy desire for some glossy wisdom on modern marriage. That audiences are taking "B&C&T&A," like "The Graduate" before it, as a major social pronouncement can be divined from the conversational topics bubbling outside the theater: Better to Know or not to Know? The Temptations of a Businessman. Is Honesty the Answer? How I'd Kill Him with a Candlestick.

Even more distressing evidence is provided by an article in the October 4, 1969, issue of *America.* The author, Fr. Robert E. Lauder, S.J., declares that "B&C&T&A" is —guess what?—"where it's at." The movie "is a brilliant artistic statement about contemporary love. . . . The parallels between the film's presentation of love and Christian revelation are striking." Although he admits that Mazursky "kids the sensitivity movement," Father Lauder drowns the satire in holy water. He is much enthralled by the characters' effort "to live more honestly, more deeply. Each is searching for what the Jewish philosopher Martin Buber calls an I-Thou relation . . . Carol's . . . desire to communicate . . . is understandable to anyone who has gone through a sensitivity session, or a cursillo, or read Marcel or Buber or any of the personalists."

"Personalism is pretty heady stuff," Father Lauder adds. Obviously. The film opens with a rather heavy-handed swipe: the soundtrack booms Handel's *Messiah* ("I know that my redeemer liveth") as the Esalen-type sensitivity center hoves into sight. For Father Lauder this is "some hint of what the new kingdom of love will be." Of course, it is all tied up with "man's search for love. . . . the risen Christ. . . . our sharing of the Eucharist . . . . youth's search for more intimate, meaningful community. . . . the far-reaching wave of personalism. . . ." Of course, it is actually an attack on situation ethics and does not violate the practical norms "regarding the use

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of sex, nudity or violence in films" issued in the August 15, 1969, National Catholic Film Office's Newsletter. In the Olden Days when we attempted Baptism of desire (our desire, not theirs) on Marx, Camus, etc., at least we had worthy targets. But "B&C&T&A"? I suppose this outcome was in the cards once we neglected to burn Malcolm Boyd at the stake.

After last year's run on homosexuality and lesbianism, mate-swapping seems to be this year's new frontier. (Bestiality is next, with Pasolini and "Futz"; followed, no doubt, by child molestation, and then. . . .) Mate-swapping, at any rate, is the subject of "All the Loving Couples," and along with its locale (wealthy Southern California suburb) the reason it has been compared to "B&C&T&A." Where "B&C&T&A" is polished, "Loving Couples" is crude; and the contrast has led a few observers to consider the latter "honest." The loving couples do indeed go through with their orgy and the "style" is more skin-flic than Fellini. A pornographic movie shown at the swap-in curiously repeats the same humorous sequence preceding the "orgy" in "B&C&T&A": a man mechanically going through extended procedures of grooming or undressing while the Big Moment awaits him on the bed. Some hard-core parodies of TV commercials are well-done but, like other hints at redeeming social value, only provide liberal window-dressing for the traditional undressing. "All the Loving Couples" is not honest, just shoddy. Of course I could be wrong. It might be a brilliant Christian statement about contemporary love.

PETER STEINFELS

Children's Books

From "I'll Fix Anthony" (Harper & Row)

History through red, white and blue glasses

COWBOYS AND COMMAGER

JEAN B. ELSHTAIN

Henry Steele Commager is a Pulitzer Prize-winning historian whose liberal record is spotless. He was against McCarthy (Joe), and for McCarthy (Gene). He is the author of several important books, including *The American Mind, The Search for a Usable Past, The Growth of the American Republic,* with S. E. Morison, and *A Short History of the United States,* with Allan Nevins. Mr. Commager has also written a history book for the young, *The First Book of American History.* Although most history books for children tend to be didactic, moralistic, and just plain boring, I assumed, considering Mr. Commager's scholarly reputation, that such would not be the case with his little synopsis. Unfortunately, after reading *The First Book of American History,* I can only suggest that it be sub-titled "How to Speak with Forked Tongue to the Kiddies."

First, a note on the study of history. Few would disagree that the complexities of history must be pared down for the seven- or eight-year old. Simplification, however, need not mean distortion or falsification. Deception, unfortunately, seems to be part of the regular fare in history for children, justifiable to the educator by the need to socialize children into the larger community, particularly in loyalty to the state and nation. A typical child's history is usually patriotic, platitudinous, and misleading. As such it contributes little to the child's knowledge, awareness, or sensitivity.

One would expect greater sophistication and less sophistry today, and some new works of historic revisionism and reinterpretation have indeed appeared. A few are even for children. Old habits persist, however, and Commager's book, first published in 1957, happens to be an example of a particular *genre* which takes as its holy task the promotion of patriotism and good citizenship. In the process of education to citizenship, Mr. Commager violates the truth in his treatment of the American Indian, slavery and race, American imperial-

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ism (he doesn't use the term), and the Great Depression.

Mr. Commager begins his discussion of the American Indian on a breathless note. He speaks of the excitement of the white man at the discovery of the Indian, and continues with a lyrical panegyric to the contribution of the Indian to America. The beauty of Indian names, for example, is a major contribution.

> And what would America have been without the Indians themselves, with their magnificent feathered headdresses, their colorful blankets, their bows and arrows and wampum belts, their wigwams and moccasins and birch bark canoes that cut through the water like steel ploughs—their poetry and their history. (p. 3.)

What would America have been without the Indian? Mr. Commager's subsequent commentary answers the question: easier to "civilize," that's what. The Indian was always getting in the way of covered wagons. Frontier settlers had to protect themselves against "savage Indians," who, for some inexplicable reason (not discussed by the historian) didn't want to be displaced from their traditional homes and hunting grounds. "Remember," states Mr. Commager, "the Indians were still there—in the 'dark and bloody' ground of Kentucky and Tennessee, or on the plains and prairies of the West. *But in time they were driven away or killed off, and the western country was opened to peaceful settlement.*" (p. 31, emphasis mine.)

That is the way history inexorably marches along. It is all very matter of fact. When Commager discusses a process which can accurately be labeled genocide (the U.S. War Department, in fact, advocated a policy of "extermination") it is scarcely worth mentioning. The entire episode, in the hands of the historian, becomes *inevitable*, therefore *right*. His treatment of the Indian question, *A Short History of the United States*, ostensibly a work for adults, though more complete and sophisticated, features the same prejudices. Indians are consistently referred to as "savages," and the forced evacuation of Indians from their homes east of the Mississippi is termed a "removal" which "facilitated the complete peopleing of the Mississippi Valley." Although this "removal" was attended by "hunger, disease and exposure," Mr. Commager never questions the necessity for it.

Progress demanded the subjugation of the Indian. Perhaps Mr. Commager, in an effort to be objective, felt he should not indulge in subjective judgment on the Indian's fate. Yet in other contexts he has emotional paroxysms over our great country, brave soldiers, and super-statesmen. FDR's life is so remarkable, in fact, it is "like a fairy tale," and the names of Civil War battles, such as Antietam and Gettysburg, spell "bravery and gallantry and glory and death." So he does editorialize and moralize, but on our greatness, not on our historic tragedies.

Mr. Commager manages to hurdle the subject of slavery with remarkable aplomb. Slavery is only briefly mentioned in his discussion of the colonial period and the quest for independence. This is not surprising if we accept his statement from *The Great Declaration*, another history for young people, that "the cause of independence" was "a more urgent" one than the fight against black slavery.

In his section on the period preceding the Civil War, he does mention the wretchedness of the slave's condition en route to our shores, and spends a paragraph on slavery as an institution. The Civil War, however, was really caused by *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Harriet Beecher Stowe's book made "everybody" upset about slavery. We learn that

> Stories like this made people *everywhere* want to put an end to slavery—people everywhere but in the South, that is. *Most of the Southerners were good to their slaves*, and they couldn't understand why everybody outside the South wanted to interfere with what they felt was their business. (p. 43, emphasis mine.)

Commager's false assumptions are: (1) there was unanimity in opposition to slavery outside the South, (2) most Southerners treated their slaves "real good." He never mentions slave revolts and uprisings. (This

An exciting biography for young readers

Here is a memorable account of the great Italian's sixteenth-century voyages of exploration to find a new sea route to Asia through the New World. It is a story of courage, hope, integrity, and tragedy as well as triumph. Soundly researched and vividly written, the book paints a colorful picture of an unusually warm-hearted man and his exciting period.

EXPLORER WITH A HEART
THE STORY OF
GIOVANNI DA VERRAZZANO
by Covelle Newcomb
At bookstores. $4.50

McKAY

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would contradict assumption (2) that all those darkies were being treated *so* nice.) He says little about the abolitionist movement. He assumes, further, that there was no *race* issue, only a *slavery* issue. With Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, the slavery issue was settled. The race issue, apparently, didn't exist at all. According to Commager, everything was solved with the freeing of the slaves, and the United States following the Civil War became "one great and united nation, ready to play her part in the world of free nations." (p. 51.) There is no discussion of segregation, Jim Crow legislation, and the systematic subversion of the 13th, 14th, and 15th amendments.

Americans Abroad

American imperialism? No such thing! The United States in 1898 merely wanted to free Cuba from her Spanish oppressors. Somehow, through an arcane process Commager never discusses, America wound up "with the islands of Cuba and Puerto Rico on her hands, and, way off in the Pacific, the Philippine Islands." (p. 57.) We shared with the British, evidently, a tendency to seize territories in fits of innocent absent-mindedness.

Commager moves from the incredulous to the incredible. "The United States didn't want these island as colonies," he argues. After all, we could remember being a colony ourselves, and we hadn't liked it. In fact, we gave Cuba back to the Cubans, and, "after a long wait," the Filipinos were given their islands back. Why "the long wait"? Commager doesn't explain. During the "long wait" is it not possible that the Philippines could properly be termed an American colony? Don't mention the possibility. Furthermore, because Puerto Rico and Hawaii "wanted to be part of the United States," they were neatly co-opted. End of his discussion of American non-imperialism.

Certain other amazing facts come to light. We learn that FDR cured hard times during his first two terms in office. To those individuals who remained unemployed until the Second World War brought nearly full employment, this should be good news, though a bit late. Mr. Commager concludes with a McGuffeyesque platitude, namely, if only everyone does his part "there is no reason why that future should not be even more wonderful than the past" (p. 62). Mr. Commager obviously wrote this book as a means to help the young prepare for citizenship. This is a fine idea, but misinformed children may just possibly turn out to be cynical, disillusioned, and alienated citizens, not textbook paradigms of worthy civics behavior.

It is clear that Mr. Commager belongs with the school of consensus or majoritarian historians, those who tend to deemphasize the cleavages and dissent in our past, and emphasize instead that which we share in common. He celebrates the "fact" that "Life in the colonies . . . tended to make most Americans pretty much alike." He apparently has never considered the possibility that our celebrated consensus may have been forced rather than shared.

Scholarly monographs and historic re-interpretations filter down slowly to the primary and secondary school levels, if they do at all. Students at a university may learn that American history, as it is taught in dear old P.S. 189, is largely an empty husk. But high school and grade school teachers have never constituted a vanguard noted for sagacity, awareness, or intellectual and social daring. Even if an individual teacher realizes that many history and "civics" books are distortions, he may run afoul of administrators, school boards, irate parents, or frightened colleagues if he encourages too much dissent, or departs too far from the given text. We can expect the further dissemination of nonsense, and dangerous nonsense at that. There are exceptions, but for the most part our history (if we believe Mr. Commager) has been grand and glorious, one long Fourth of July picnic. There may be a few blemishes here and there, but Americans, after all, have always *meant* well. Haven't they?

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MICHAEL CUDDIHY

Bridging The Darkness

A few steps from the river
I hesitate, surprised
By a row of holes in the dirt.
In each hole I see
The darkness waits.
How many true stories
Never see light.

A thick twig
Leans into one hole
Like it wants to pry
The darkness loose.
The intruder will get
Nothing for his pains.

But the hand that rests
So heavily on my neck
Belongs to the sun.

Fresh from a nap
He will try
To make it across
The widest hole
On a single twig.

Bridging the darkness.
Taking me with him.

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A Selected List of Children's Books

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES

CHRISTMAS

Carol to a Child and a Christmas Pageant. By Nancy Dingman Watson. Music by Clyde Watson. Ill. by Aldren A. Watson. World. $3.95.

A little girl, her well-loved doll, and the birds and animals of the New England countryside enact the Nativity scene in a refreshing and moving Christmas poem. The lovely, snow-filled drawings are full of the peace of Christmas. Music is included at the back, and directions for performing the carol as a pageant. 5-10.

T'was in the Moon of Wintertime: The First American Christmas Carol. Adapted by Roz Abisch. Ill. by Boche Kaplan. Prentice. $4.95.

Appropriate woodsy drawings accompany the history, words, and music of an Indian carol version of the Nativity composed by a Jesuit missionary to the Hurons. All ages.

On Christmas Day: First Carols to Play and Sing. Selected and arranged by Mervyn Horder. Ill. by Margaret Gordon. Macmillan. $3.95.

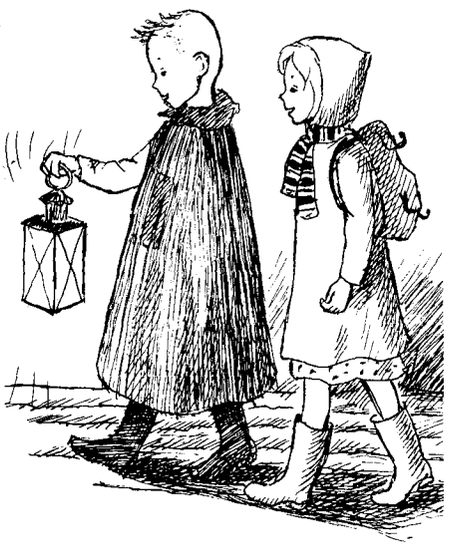
Thirteen lovely carols with simple piano arrangements for family rejoicing, illustrated with brilliant pictures. All ages.

The Shepherd's Pipe. Poems by Georg Johannes Gick. Translated and edited by the Society of Brothers. Music by Marlys Swinger. Ill. by Maria A. Maendel. Lettering by Gillian Barth. Plough. $6.50.

Songs centering around the stable on Christmas night that can, if wished, be presented as a pageant. The music is simple enough for school and family groups. A record of the Christmas Cantata is also available at $3.98. All ages.

Christmas in America. By Lillie Patterson. Ill. by Vincent Colabella. Garrard. $2.75.

Customs, symbols, foods, festivities, and carols—the story of Christmas celebrations in America from colonial times to today. A perfect companion volume to Lillie Patterson's earlier *Christmas: Feasts and Festivals* which traces the history of Christmas in Europe. Both books are simple enough for readers 7-11, yet rich in lore and holiday detail.



From "Hugo and Josephine" (Delacorte)

The Nativity: The Christmas Crèche at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Photos by Lee Boltin. Doubleday. $7.95.

The King James version of the Nativity accompanies magnificent color photographs of the 18th century Neapolitan Crèche exhibited at the Metropolitan each Christmas season. Olga Raggion, a curator, narrates the history of crèches in Europe. All ages.

There Comes a Time. By Elisabeth Borchers. Translated by Babette Deutsch. Ill. by Dietland Blech. Doubleday. $4.95.

The Three Kings fare forth for Bethlehem and the story of their journey is the story of the changing seasons. An unusual, poetic book with mood, sensitivity, and anticipation. 5-10.

The Great Sleigh Robbery. Written and Ill. by Michael Foreman. Pantheon. $3.95.

Gay, slapstick humor in both story and pictures tell how robbers in a rocket ship abduct Santa and his sleigh, only to find that it is more blessed to give than receive. 4-8.

I Saw Three Ships. By Elizabeth Goudge. Ill. by Margot Tomes. Coward. $3.95.

Sea winds and the charm of yesteryear blow through this original tale of an orphan in a harbor town, and her faith that the Three Wise Men will visit her on Christmas Eve. A small classic. 8-12.

The Extra Gift. By Mary C. Sweetser. Ill. by H. Tom Hall. Macrae Smith. $3.95.

It is possible to believe in what you cannot see, is a dominant theme in this tale of a Danish family trying to make Christmas happy for a shipwrecked Portuguese orphan boy they have adopted. Interesting Danish Christmas customs are described in gay detail. 7-11.

RELIGION

Good Night. Earth and Sky. Today. Who Knows Me? Why? Thank You? Illustrated. Paulist Press. Each 35¢ 6 for $1.00.

These "Rejoice Books," gaily illustrated paperbacks, show the joys of the world and of family living, and make excellent material for good-night prayers and thanks to God. 3-7.

The Long Journey. A Sprig of Green.

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES *is a free-lance writer and children's books editor for the Garrard Publishing Company.*

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The Broken Jug. The Wise Men from the East. By Noni Litchveld & Mies Bouhuys. Concordia & Paulist/Newman. Each $2.50.

Bright, full-page, collage-type pictures illustrate this series of contemporarily worded "Bibletimes Books" for ages 6-12. Brief inserts on each page give helpful, factual descriptions of the land, its architecture and history.

Sense of Discovery: The Mountain. By Nancy Roberts. Photos by Bruce Roberts. John Knox. $5.95.

Lovely black-and-white and color photographs of a young girl discovering the mysteries and beauties of mountain life awakens a wonder for the Creator of it all. 5-10.

Brian Wildsmith's Illustrated Bible Stories. By Philip Turner. Ill. by Brian Wildsmith. Watts. $7.95.

Man's faith in God is highlighted in these chronologically arranged Bible stories, skillfully and dramatically retold by a winner of the Carnegie Medal. The stunning paintings make this a book to treasure. 8-14.

Bible Stories. By David Kossoff. Ill. by Gino D'Archille. Follett. $6.95.

These Old Testament stories, retold in modern, colloquial language, were originally presented on TV by the BBC and met with great critical and popular acclaim. Sensitive color pictures. 9-15.

Young Readers' Dictionary of the Bible. Ill. by Tom Armstrong. Abingdon. $5.95.

Places, plants, people and precepts of the Bible—over 1,000 Scriptural definitions emphasizing daily life in Bible times. Two-color drawings and a helpful historical time scale. All ages.

The Freedom of Religion in America. By Ravina Gelfand. Prints & photos. Lerner. $3.95.

America's prized freedom of religion, how it gradually evolved, extended, and the importance of protecting it. 9-14.

Constantinople: City on the Golden Horn. By David Jacobs. Photos, paintings, prints & maps. American Heritage. $5.95.

The dramatic and harried history of Istanbul from Greek times to today. Important as a religious and political center, and a meeting place of Eastern and Western culture, its wealth of paintings, mosaics, statuary and architecture are presented in a cavalcade of vividly illustrated pages. 12-adult.

Holy Places: Jewish, Christian, and Muslim Monuments in the Holy Land. By Christopher Hollis & Ronald Brownrigg. Maps, & photos in color and black and white. Praeger. $9.95.

Not only an artistic evaluation of the churches, temples, shrines, and tombs of the Holy Land, but an absorbing history of their construction and religious significance. A handsome, profusely illustrated book. 14-adult.

Celebrate the Sun. By Betty Nickerson. Illustrated. Lippincott. $6.95.

Fifty seasonal-religious festivals from around the world, gaily illustrated by children from varied lands. All ages.

Picture Books

Frog, Where Are You? Written & Ill. by Mercer Mayer. Dial. $2.50.

A boy and his dog adventure through the woods in search of their lost frog. A satisfying, wordless story full of humor, excitement, and beguiling drawings. 2-6.

Goggles. Written & Ill. by Ezra Jack Keats. Macmillan. $3.95.

Ezra Jack Keats has surpassed himself! These, his most brilliant, fluid pictures to date, illustrate a deceptively simple, deeply satisfying story of two small city boys and their dog who outwit some older bullies. 4-7.

The Surprise Party. Written and Ill. by Pat Hutchins. Macmillan. $4.50.

Rabbit plans a party and his whispered invitation to his friends gets so garbled that children will giggle happily. The rhythmical use of repetition and the Slavic-like patterned pictures add to the charm of the book. 4-7.

The Sky Dog. Written and Ill. by Brinton Turkle. Viking. $3.95.

The blue and gold of summer sun, sand, and sea glow through this magical story of a boy at the beach and the dog he longed for—and got. 4-7.

Some Things Go Together. By Charlotte Zolotow. Ill. by Sylvie Selig. Abelard-Schuman. $4.25.

"Pigeons with Park, Stars with Dark," and especially a mother and her child. The amazingly brilliant, imaginative, dream-like pictures, haunt you long after the book is closed, as does the love that pervades every poem. 4-7.

Rain Rain Rivers. Written & Ill. by Uri Shulevitz. Farrar. $4.50.

Even more distinguished than his earlier Caldecott winning book, is this lovely buoyant hymn to the wonders of rain on cities, mountains, meadows, and sea. This lovely book brings a renewal of life and spirit—even as the rain itself. 4-8.

And I Must Hurry for the Sea is Coming In. By George Mendoza. Photos by DeWayne Dalrymple. Prentice. $3.95.

Sea spray sings through this dream of a ghetto boy who transforms his toy boat into a proud ship on the waves. The haunting poetry and the beautiful color photographs have universal appeal. 4-8.

Tilly Witch. Written and Ill. by Don Freeman. Viking. $3.95.

What more could any child want than to accompany zany Tilly Witch as she takes a refresher course at Miss Fitch's Finishing School for Witches. 4-8.

The Rotten Book. By Mary Rogers. Ill. by Stephen Kellogg. Harper $2.50. *I'll Fix Anthony.* By Judith Viorst. Ill. by Arnold Lobel. Harper. $2.50.

Two funny books about naughty children with highly satisfying everyday detail. Boys and girls will read these through again and again. 4-8.

Best Friend for Frances. By Russell

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Hoban. Ill. by Lillian Hoban. Harper. $2.95.

When a new "Frances" book comes out, I think I am even more delighted than the children. In this wise, funny, homey story, Frances learns to be friends with her little sister, and Albert decides girls are OK on outings after all. 5-8.

Little Hatchy Hen. Written and Ill. by James Flora. Harcourt. $3.50.

How Little Hatchy Hen, a sort of modern Goose that Laid the Golden Egg, revenges herself on the robbers who stole her. Slapstick humor and illustrations of the sort little children delight in. 5-9.

Stevie. Written and Ill. by John Steptoe. Harper. $3.50.

An honest, modern, wise, sad-happy city story about a black boy and his foster brother. The rhythmical, colloquial language, and the warm, impressionistic paintings are the first published work of a new author-artist bound for a brilliant career. 5-9.

The Sorcerer's Apprentice. By Barbara Hazen. Ill. by Tomi Ungerer. Lancelet. $3.95.

A very funny picture-story about a rebellious apprentice who tries magic making on his own with dire results. 6-10.

Arabella the Heavenly Cat. Written & Ill. by Atie S. van Heukelom. Platt & Munk. $1.50.

A perfect present not only for cat-loving children but for grownups too, is this sly, frothy tale of a cat that descends from heaven and her cat-astrophic adventures as she endeavors to solve the cat-less problems of her ex-mistress. All ages.

Easy Reading

Alistaire Owl. By Robert A. Kenney. Ill. by Murray Tinkelman. Harper. $3.50.

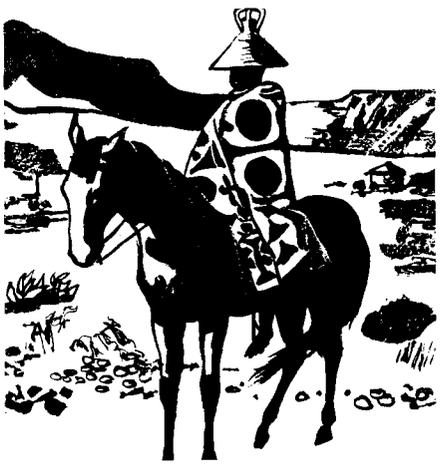
A haunted picture and a rescued owl both play a part in this unusual, sensitive, and well written story about a timid boy who gains courage. Fantasy, realism, and wit are skillfully combined, and graced by lovely line drawings. 7-11.

The Hairy Horror Book. By Scott Corbett. Ill. by Paul Galdone. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $3.50.

Kirby was furious that his cousin Gay—a girl!—was coming to spend Halloween with him and Fenton but, with the aid of the Feats of Magic Chemistry Set, it turns out to be their most thrilling Halloween ever. Great fun. 7-11.

The Smallest Monster in the World. By William MacKellar. Ill. by Ursula Koering. McKay. $3.95.

This book has everything to please a young reader: originality, humor, a



From "African Heroes" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux)

250-year-old kelpie, an adventure-loving boy—and a shy dinosaur living in a Scottish loch. 7-11.

Isfendiar and the Bears of Mazandaran. By Bronson Potter. Ill. by David Omar White. Atheneum. $3.75.

In the Near East of long ago, a young man accompanies some hunters to the mountains, questing not only adventure but knowledge of himself. There is a classic style and lyrical beauty to both the timeless story and the fine drawings. 8-12.

Grandma Moses: America's Favorite Painter. By Charles P. Graves. Ill. by Victor Mays. Garrard. $2.95.

Long before she became famous as a painter, Anna Moses had a fun-filled farm life in upper New York State and the Shenandoah Valley. Because she tried everything new, including painting, she never seemed to grow old. This lively, fictionalized biography is easy reading and full of intriguing detail. Many pictures. 7-11.

Journey to Jericho. By Scott O'Dell. Ill. by Leonard Weisgard. Houghton. $3.75.

The heartache of giving up your familiar home, no matter how promising the life ahead, is beautifully expressed in this story of a family moving from Appalachia to California, by a Newbery Medal-winning author and a Caldecott Medal-winning artist. 7-10.

Big Ben. By David Walker. Ill. by Victor Ambrus. Houghton. $3.50.

The big, easy-reading type, and the big St. Bernard puppy who gets into trouble with a disagreeable neighbor, make this fast-paced, well-written story of a brother and sister on a Maine farm doubly appealing to children. 7-11.

The Good Morrow. By Gunilla B. Norris. Ill. by Charles Robinson. Atheneum. $3.75.

Josie, a black girl who has never been to the country, is fearful not only of camp but of the possible ridicule of the white girls. In time she learns to forget herself and have fun. Not only a good camp story, but a significant book, written with style, humor, and warm insight into human nature. 7-11.

Hugo and Josephine. By Maria Gripe. Ill. by Harald Gripe. Delacorte. $3.95.

The fears, mischief, and good times of little Anna, teased for being the minister's daughter, and her new friend, Hugo, an independent vagabond, wise for his years, during their first year at school. Maria Gripe writes with zest and humor and a knowledge of a child's everyday world. 7-11.

First You Like Me. By Mickey Klar Marks. Ill. by Bernice Loewenstein. Parents. $4.25.

The hurt and confusion of a girl, long an only child, when she finds her

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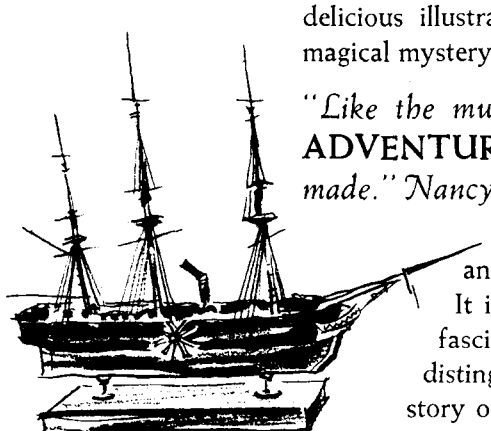
"I should think a child would be filled with wonder to read about such a life as Joan's." Julie Harris

SHEPHERDESS OF FRANCE: *Remembrances of Jeanne d'Arc* by **Judith Masefield,** daughter of England's late poet-laureate, offers a uniquely sensitive portrait of Jeanne d'Arc. Professor Mary V. Gaver of the Graduate School of Library Science at Rutgers University calls it "a poetic evocation of the very essence of Jeanne d'Arc...told by Jeanne herself from her place in Paradise...Totally different in scope and appeal from other works on Jeanne d'Arc...a rare reading experience." *Publishers' Weekly* says: "The spirit and intensity of Jeanne are brought alive. **Leonard Weisgard** [Caldecott winner] has once again proved his ability to capture the meaning of the text in his illustrations." Recommended for ages 10 and up. $5.95

"If you have a small girl...a small girl you love, you will see to it that she will have I SAW THREE SHIPS *to read this Christmastime."* Publishers' Weekly.

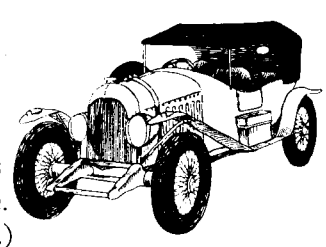
Elizabeth Goudge's achievements in adult and juvenile fiction include *Green Dolphin Street, A City of Bells, Linnets and Valerians,* and many other well-loved books. Says *Publishers' Weekly:* "Elizabeth Goudge, who has already given young readers a rare and lovely story to remember, *Linnets and Valerians,* has now given them a Christmas story set in an old English town that they will never forget. And **Margot Tomes'** delicious illustrations reflect so perfectly the mood of this magical mystery." Ages 8-12. $3.95



"Like the museum visitor, the reader of MUSEUM ADVENTURES *is given a feeling of being on the spot when history is made." Nancy Larrick, author of* A Parent's Guide to Children's Reading.

MUSEUM ADVENTURES: *An Introduction to Discovery* by **Herbert** and **Marjorie Katz** is the perfect introduction to family visits to the museum. It is not a survey, but rather a stimulus to forming the museum habit. "A fascinating report of 50 widely varied museums in the United States — their distinguishing features, their extraordinary exhibits, and often, the little-known story of some eager collector whose private hobby grew into a great museum," says Nancy Larrick. Professor Mary Gaver of Rutgers calls it "a handsome book that will appeal to children." Illustrated with more than 85 photographs and many fine drawings by **Peter Burchard** it includes an appendix listing museums from coast to coast and a useful index. Ages 10 and up. $6.95.

"Dear Polly Cameron I loved The Book called I Can't Said the Ant. *It made me cry at the end. it was The most beautiful Book. I wonder how you thought up that Book," wrote one eight-year-old...*



Now **Polly Cameron** offers more of her special brand of nonsense verse for boys and girls in **THE GREEN MACHINE.** A little sports car careens madly through a garden while all the vegetables and gardening implements comment in delightful couplets. ("A Green Machine," said the nectarine. "On a racing spree," said the celery. "He'll blow a gasket," said the basket.) Children will learn the verses by heart and **Consuelo Joerns'** illustrations conjure up a magical and timeless garden which they will revisit again and again. Ages 4 through 8. $3.95

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family expects a baby. A warm, perceptive story of family misunderstandings and love. 8-12.

Folk and Fairy Tales

Puss in Boots, or "The Master Cat." By Charles Perrault. Ill. by Barry Wilkinson. World $2.95.

Rollicking, jewel-like color pictures enliven this distinguished edition of a favorite fairy tale. 4-8.

Crocodile and Hen. Retold by Joan M. Lexau. Ill. by Joan Sandlin. Harper. $3.95.

A hen and a crocodile learn to live together as brothers in this witty tale from Bakongo, Africa with words of wisdom for our own war-torn century. 4-8.

The Time-Ago Tales of Jahdu. By Virginia Hamilton. Ill. by Nonny Hogrogian. Macmillan. $4.50.

Past and present merge as Lee Edward listens to Mama Luka's original folk stories in the Harlem apartment and realizes that he, too, can grow up with the power of Jahdu, and be proud to be himself. The lilt of Mama Luka's voice, the sweep of her sentences, come across so strongly that one almost feels one is listening too. 5-10.

The Knight and the Cart. By Constance Hieatt. Ill. by John Gretzer. Crowell. $3.95.

A lyrical retelling of an Arthurian tale about Lancelot's rescue of Queen Guinevere from an evil prince, decoratively illustrated and designed. 8-12.

A Book of Ghosts and Goblins. By Ruth Manning-Sanders. Ill. by Robin Jacques. Dutton. $3.95. *Jonnikin and the Flying Basket: French Folk and Fairy Tales.* By Ruth Manning-Sanders. Ill. by Victor G. Ambrus. Dutton. $4.95.

Ruth Manning-Sanders has the master-storyteller's touch: drama, humor, insight, and a way with words. Both books are excellent for home, library, and the professional storyteller. 7-12.

Black Fairy Tales. By Terry Berger. Ill. by David Omar White. Atheneum. $4.75.

The intriguing thing about this book is that aside from holding the reader enthralled—which it does admirably—it makes one realize the universality of the human experience; for these African fairy tales are filled with enchanted princes, kind maidens, witches and ogres, even as the more familiar European ones. This is a lovingly produced book with strong, sensitive drawings. 8-12.

Stories for Ages 9-13

Time to Go House. By Walter Edmonds. Ill. by Joan Berg Victor. Little $4.25.

"All the best field mice go house in the winter," Smalleata was told. Thrilling adventures and new experiences await her, and a special friend, house-mouse Raffles. This gem of a book, sensitively illustrated with mouse-gray drawings, is sure to become a classic.

From "Frog, Where Are You?" (Dial)

Marchers for the Dream. By Natalie Savage Carlson. Ill. by Alvin Smith. Harper. $3.50.

Recent history is fictionalized with unusual success in this tale of a black girl and her grandmother who join the Poor People's March on Washington and live in Resurrection City. Martin Luther King's dream of peace and brotherhood blows through the book, a hopeful wind.

About the B'Nai Bagels. Written & Ill. by E. L. Konigsburg. Atheneum. $4.25.

The hilarious, sad-happy story of a Little Leaguer whose mother, to his disgust, is manager of his team, and of all he learns about baseball, and life, during the baseball season.

Break a Leg. By Stella Pevsner. Ill. by Barbara Seuling. Crown. $3.95.

Humor and family-living enrich a down-to-earth story about a girl's experiences in a community theater project. Stage-struck readers will enjoy the details about play production.

Go to the Room of the Eyes. By Betty K. Erwin. Ill. by Irene Burns. Little. $4.95.

Six spirited children move into a large, old house in Seattle and find clues to a mysterious treasure hunt left by boys and girls of another era. Humor and knowing characterization, as well as excitement.

Blue Starts Watching. By Patricia Beatty. Morrow. $4.50.

A brother and sister sent to California for safety during the Civil War soon find they are living with a spy ring.

The Black Stallion's Ghost. By Walter Farley. Ill. by Angie Draper. Random. $2.95.

Mystery in the Everglades—a sure hit!

The Dragon in the Garden. By Reginald Maddock. Little. $4.50.

Humor, excitement, and real insight into human nature in this story of a new boy's difficult adjustment to school and of his "war" with the town bully.

The Bates Family. By Reginald Ottley. Harcourt. $3.95.

A hard life, but many rewards too, as the Bates family, cattle drovers, camp in the Australian outback.

The Runaway Summer. By Nina Bawden. Lippincott. $3.75.

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Eleven-year-old Mary, in turmoil because she feels her parents do not want her, spends a rebellious summer that leads unexpectedly to high adventure and a new acceptance of life. Wit, suspense, and a polished, mature style.

The Ghosts. By Antonia Barber. Farrar. $3.75.

Courage and faith play important roles in this unusual and haunting story of two modern children who attempt to rescue a brother and sister of another age from a cruel fate. The fantasy, which is completely convincing, is mixed with warm realism, and the theme that it is never too late for redemption.

Sounder. By William H. Armstrong. Ill. by James Barkley. Harper. $3.95.

A loyal coon dog, a poor sharecropper desperate to support his family, and his young son who yearns for an education, all play roles in this biting indictment of the treatment of Negro farmers in the South. Although a tragic story of man's inhumanity to man, this is also an uplifting tale of courage, human dignity, and love. The writing is simple, timeless, and extraordinarily moving. An outstanding book.

Teenage Novels

Surfing Summer. By James Connor III. Young Scott. $3.95.

Good detail about surfing techniques as two boys spend the summer learning to ride the waves. Not just a sports story—much human drama too.

Angry Waters. By Walt Morey. Ill. by Richard Cuffari. Dutton. $4.95.

In trouble because of his bad friends, Dan, fifteen and belligerent, is paroled to a farm family and begins to find himself.

Liz. By Jean MacGibbon. Scribners. $3.50.

A rarely honest book about the violence, as well as love, in human nature, as two girls on vacation by the seashore find happiness, tragedy, and a new beginning.

Where the Lillies Bloom. By Vera and Bill Cleaver. Lippincott. $3.95.

A staunch, resourceful, and innovative teenager tries to preserve the dignity and independence of her family in Appalachia after their parents' death. The loveliness of the mountains, the courage and humor of the children, and the excellence of the writing make this one of the season's most outstanding novels.

The Min-Min. By Mavis Thorpe Clark. Macmillan. $4.95.

Sylvie, hating her life with her impoverished family in a remote section of Australia, runs away, but comes to realize that helping keep her brothers and sisters together and trying to better their lot is more important than personal freedom. Book-of-the-Year winner in Australia.

The Lotus Caves. By John Christopher. Macmillan. $4.50.

Two boys in the 21st century, hemmed in by their planned community on the moon, escape outside and become trapped in an amazing cave. The story is not only thrilling but completely convincing, with much to say about human values as well as about science and adventure.

My Darling, My Hamburger. By Paul Zindel. Harper. $3.95.

This novel, one of the first I read out of the hundreds of review copies I received, has stayed with me the longest. It is a poignant, honest, discerning story of two high school seniors, misunderstood by their parents, and the tragedy that what they think is love leads them to. The language is so convincingly and colloquially that of young people today, and the style so effectively scenario-like, that high school readers will cheer.

Word Hoard: Anglo-Saxon Stories. By Jill Paton Walsh & Kevin Crossley-Holland. Farrar. $3.75.

Courage, tragedy, adventure, vision; eight tales of England in a time of change, overrun by various civilizations, and torn between paganism and Chris-

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JOURNEY TO THE PEOPLE
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Introduction by Annis Duff
An inspired educator and writer recalls her experiences teaching Indian children and other minority groups. Adult $4.50

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tianity. A real contribution to history as well as to literature.

The Mermaid's Daughter. By Joyce Gard. Holt. $4.50.

In a lilting, saga-like style, rich with atmosphere and mood, Joyce Gard has created a suspense-filled, romantic novel of good and evil, peace and conflict, laid in Roman Britain. Astria, chosen as the mortal embodiment of her people's mermaid goddess, is the heroine of this beautiful and timeless tale.

A Song for Young King Wenceslas. By Cecil Maiden. Ill. by Cary. Addison-Wesley. $3.95.

Cecil Maiden has made a thrilling contribution to historical fiction and Cary has superbly and generously illustrated his story of 10th century Bohemia and young King Wenceslas, wise for his years, who courageously battles his pagan mother and brother to save his country for Christendom.

Biography

Shackleton's Epic Voyage. By Michael Brown. Ill. by Raymond Briggs. Coward. $3.29.

A great leader, Shackleton, took his men 800 miles in a tiny boat through the Antarctic Seas to safety. A tale of valor, with striking, double-page pictures. 8-12.

Nothing is Impossible: The Story of Beatrix Potter. By Dorothy Aldis. Ill. by Richard Cuffari. Atheneum. $4.50.

Peter Rabbit fans, would-be-artists and writers, and just anyone who enjoys a tale of a shy girl's flowering, will delight in this novel-like biography. 9-13.

Shepherdess of France: Remembrances of Jeanne d'Arc. By Judith Masefield. Ill. by Leonard Weisgard. Coward. $5.95.

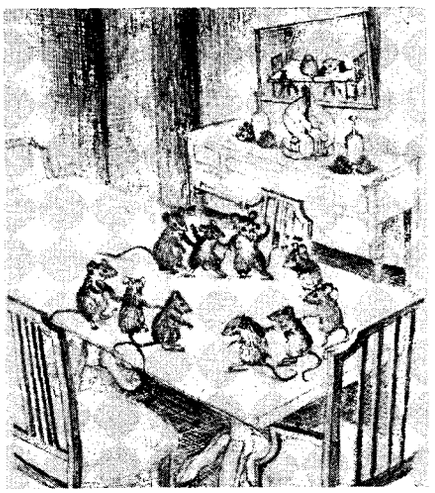
Moving, dramatic, poetic, this decoratively designed volume was written by John Masefield's daughter. 10-15.

Sea Dragon: Journal of Francis Drake's Voyage Around the World. By George Sanderlin. Paintings, prints & drawings. Harper. $4.95.

Drake's journals, abbreviated and edited with skill and verve, with historical commentary between the selections. A splendid addition to Sanderlin's books about Magellan, Columbus and Vasco da Gama. 11-17.

Neighbor to the World: The Story of Lillian Wald. By Irvin Block. Photos. Crowell. $4.50.

There are many warm, human vignettes in this appealing account of



From "Time to Go House"
(Little, Brown)

Lillian Wald's career and her pioneering settlement house on Henry Street. If all the books in Crowell's new series, "Women of America," edited by Milton Meltzer, are as good as this, the series should be extremely successful. 12-16.

Cleopatra: Sister of the Moon. By Margaret Leighton. Farrar. $3.95.

This story of Cleopatra is so dramatically told that you really feel you are living with her in ancient Egypt. 12-18.

St. Thomas Aquinas: The Angelic Doctor. By W. Norman Pittenger, S.D.T. Watts. $3.95.

The contributions of the great thinker who linked Greek philosophy and the Christian faith. 12-18.

William, Father of the Netherlands. By Gordon Langley Hall. Paintings, prints & maps. Rand. $4.95.

A full, scholarly account of William of Orange, a peaceful man compelled to fight for the freedom of his country. 12-18.

Martin Buber: Wisdom in Our Time. By Charlie May Simon. Photos. Dutton. $4.50.

What a warm, wonderful person Martin Buber, the great Jewish thinker and humanist who worked for unity among people, nations, and religions, must have been. This book is next best to meeting him. 12-18.

Angry Abolitionist: William Lloyd Garrison. By Jules Archer. Messner. $3.50.

Attacked and vilified, Garrison stuck to his ideals in his non-violent crusade for women's rights and freedom of the slaves. His insistence that morality is more important than legality will appeal to youth today. 12-18.

Martin Luther King, Jr. By Don McKee. Putnam. $3.64 (net)

A detailed account of Martin Luther King's career by a reporter who covered much of King's adult life. 12-18.

The United States

Before You Came This Way. By Byrd Baylor. Ill. by Tom Bahti. Dutton. $4.75.

A brief, poetic text and equally poetic drawings, like those the Indians made on the rocks centuries ago, provide an introduction to pre-history. 5-10.

Along Sandy Trails. By Ann Nolan Clark. Photos by Alfred A. Cohn. Viking. $4.95.

Stunning color photographs of a Papago Indian girl and the things she sees along the desert trail that she walks with her grandmother. The brief, flowing text sings the wonder of life. 5-10.

Negroes in the Early West. By Olive W. Burt. Ill. by Lorence F. Bjorklund. Messner. $3.95.

Explorers, pioneers, mountain men, business men, soldiers, brave women—these simply written, carefully re-

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searched and vivid vignettes will appeal to all children, especially blacks. 7-11.

Black Misery. By Langston Hughes. Ill. by Arouni. Ericksson. $2.50.

In a few brief lines, and telling wash drawings, this prose-poem, humor-picture book, drives home the heartache of growing up black in white America. All ages.

Yorktown: The Winning of American Independence. By Burke Davis. Prints & Paintings. Harper & Row. $3.95.

Dramatic, scholarly, easy to follow; an account of the final triumphant campaign in the American Revolution. 10-16.

The Young United States: 1783 to 1830. Written and Ill. by Edwin Tunis. World. $6.95.

How the early U.S. citizens lived, worked, played, studied, and traveled; their towns, houses, clothes, tools, etc.; also a picture of their government. A work of love and care, with hundreds of beautiful and detailed pencil drawings. Outstanding! 12-adult.

The Palmer Raids: 1919-1920. An Attempt to Suppress Dissent. By Edwin P. Hoyt. Seabury. $3.95.

This tale of an earlier period of public hysteria when civil liberties were violated carries an important warning for our times. 12-18.

America and the Cold War. By Richard J. Walton. Seabury. $4.95.

How did the Cold War start? Who is to blame? Can it be ended? This valuable volume describes the history of the conflict, the misunderstandings that have perpetuated it, and the cost to America. 12-18.

OTHER LANDS, PAST AND PRESENT

My Care and Share Book: An Around-the-World Picture Story. By Rose M. McCormick. Photos. Maryknoll. Hardcover edition $3.95. Friendship. Paperback. $2.75.

Large, handsome, expressive photographs of children around the world show the common bonds of the human family, and the need to share the bounties of America with less fortunate nations. 4-8.

Toward Peace: The Nobel Prizes and Man's Struggle for Peace. By Hertha Pauli. Washburn. $3.50.

This story of the recipients of the Nobel Prize for Peace is also a hopeful study of man's struggle for peace during the 1900's. 12-16.

Aborigines of Australia. By Olga Hoyt. Photos. Lothrop. $3.95.

A fascinating survey of the history, culture, and daily life of a little known people with emphasis on what it's like to grow up in Aboriginal Society. 11-16.

The Polynesian Triangle. By Erick Berry & Herbert Best. Photos. Funk. $3.75.

Attractive design adds to the appeal of this valuable portrait of culture and customs in the South Sea islands during ancient times, and later as white invaders brought changes. 12-18.

African Heroes. By Naomi Mitchison. Ill. by William Stobbs. Farrar. $3.95. *Shapers of Africa*. By Florence T. Polatnick & Alberta Saletan. Messner. $3.50.

Two excellent and much needed books about African history, as seen through the lives of great leaders of lands south of the Sahara from 1300 to today. 12-18.

Here is France. By Claire Huchet Bishop. Photos. Farrar. $4.50.

Claire Bishop, a talented French writer living in America, is uniquely qualified to interpret her native land to young Americans and to give them a spirited, intimate account of tradition and innovation in modern France, of daily life and culture, and of the French character, so important to an understanding of France's past and future. Families preparing to travel abroad, as well as students 12-18, will find the book invaluable.

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Stevie

By JOHN STEPTOE, full-color paintings by the author. "A very welcome title because the story makes use of a universal emotional experience sure to leave younger readers with a warm, satisfied feeling. And the vibrant, bold pastel paintings are truly memorable." —(starred) *Library Journal*

$3.50. $3.27* Ages 4-8.

Someone Small

By BARBARA BORACK, three-color pictures by ANITA LOBEL. A little girl changes her feelings about her baby sister. "Brief, terse, tender." — *Kirkus Reviews*

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Earth and Sky

By MONA DAYTON, full-color pictures by ROGER DUVOISIN. Beautiful collages illustrate a boasting contest between the earth and sky.

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The Hating Book

By CHARLOTTE ZOLOTOW, three-color pictures by BEN SHECTER. A misunderstanding between best friends happily vanishes in this wise and engaging picture book. "The lesson is simple and sensible; the approach is amusing and apt." — *Kirkus Reviews*

$2.95. $2.92* Ages 4-8.

Marchers for the Dream

By NATALIE SAVAGE CARLSON, black-and-white pictures by ALVIN SMITH. Returning from the Poor People's March to Washington's Resurrection City, Bethany and her grandmother picket for a home in their New England city. $3.50. $3.79* Ages 9-12.

Sounder

By WILLIAM H. ARMSTRONG, black-and-white pictures by JAMES BARKLEY. "A compassionate, haunting tale which reveals the anguish and the sustaining strength in one sharecropper's family . . . deeply human and truly beautiful." — EFFIE LEE MORRIS, San Francisco Public Library

$3.95. $3.79* Ages 12 up.

*HARPERCREST Library Edition. Publisher's price only and in no way reflects the price at which available from any other source.

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1817

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1924. By Frederic Rossif & Madeleine Chapsal. Trans. by Hazel Kahn. Photos. Little. $4.95.

An amazing collection of photographs which originally appeared in Rossif's film *Révolution d'Octobre*, plus a brief telling text, including quotes from speeches and government documents, give one an intimate understanding of life in Russia under the Tsar, the inevitability of the Revolution, the leaders who made it, and the innovations, many positive, in the new Russia that followed. 12-adult.

Cuba: The Continuing Revolution. By Byron Williams. Prints & photos. Parents'. $4.50.

Most Americans' attitude toward Cuba is an emotional one with little real knowledge. This book, by a frequent visitor to the island, shows Castro in his rightful place, the latest of a long line of Cubans fighting to free his country from foreign domination, a leader who, though imperfect, has given his countrymen some of the things they longed for. 12-adult.

"THE C-5A cargo transport, it develops, will cost at least twice the original estimate. Alan Cranston is California's other senator, a scourge of the military-industrial complex. The C-5A is built by Lockheed, of Burbank, California. Why did Cranston vote for the C-5A? Because, as he explained, a fleet of these transports might make possible the evacuation of American troops from Europe."

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The Penguins Are Coming! By R. L. Penney. Ill. by Tom Eaton. Harper. $2.50.

Although this "I Can Read" book is officially for small children, it taught me many fascinating things about penguins and the cycle of their lives. The author, a research zoologist, studied penguins in the Antarctic for 41 months. A must. 5-8.

My Ladybug. Ill. by Marie N. Bohlen. *My Goldfish.* Ill. by Arvis L. Stewart. *Our Terrarium.* Ill. by Aldred A. Watson. *Our Tree.* Ill. by Kenneth Longtemps. All written by Herbert H. Wong & Matthew F. Vessell. Addison-Wesley, Each $4.35.

Addison-Wesley, a newcomer to the children's trade book field, is publishing books of all kinds for all ages, and is to be congratulated for getting off to such a distinguished start and paying such loving attention to design and illustration. These large, attractive picture-science books will appeal to 4-8 year-olds both at school and home.

To Be a Bee. By Ellsworth Rosen. Ill. by Teco Slagboom. Houghton. $3.50.

The lovely, delicate, and detailed drawings, and the sprightly, fact-filled verses about different bees and how they live, will appeal to the many children 5-10 who love collecting bugs.

The Birth of Sunset's Kittens. By Carla Stevens. Photos by Leonard Stevens. Scott. $3.95.

Children following the sensitive description of Sunset's kittens' growth within her, and the beautiful photographs of their birth and their mother's delight and care of them, will gain not only a knowledge of the reproductive process but an awe for the wonder of life. 5-10.

Animals Atlas of the World. By E. L. Jordan. Maps & paintings. Hammond. $14.95.

A large, handsome book with 182 glowing paintings and concise descriptions of animals both rare and common. A perfect Christmas gift for nature-loving families.

It's Winter. Text & photos by Sister Noemi Weygant. Westminster. $3.95.

Color photos and prose poems of the wonders of nature in winter. 6-12.

The Only Earth We Have. By Laurence Pringle. Photos. Macmillan. $4.50.

If man is not careful he will soon destroy the only environment in which he can survive; a clear, compelling plea for conservation. 9-14.

From "Black Fairy Tales" (Atheneum)

August Piccard: Captain of Space, Admiral of the Abyss. By Adelaide Field. Photos. Houghton. $3.50.

Piccard's invention of the pressurized cabin, for flight, and his bathyscope for descending safely to the bottom of the sea, opened a whole new world of discovery and science to man. Piccard's challenges and contributions make fascinating reading. Good, clear writing. 10-15.

Abbiogenesis: From Molecules to Cells. By Paul D. Thompson. Diagrams & photos. Lippincott. $4.95.

Recent discoveries by biochemists about the formation of living organisms from lifeless matter and their relation to theories about the origin of life on earth and in the universe. A fascinating new avenue of science, presented in language for the layman. 12-18.

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Survival in Space. By Vladimir Lebedev & Yuri Gagarain. Translated by Gabriella Azrael. Photos. Praeger. $5.95.

How space affects man physically and emotionally, the problems already overcome by scientists, and those still to be solved for future space travel. A detailed but popularly worded book by a Russian astronaut and a Russian space program doctor. Timely. 13-adult.

Sports and Hobbies

African Crafts for You to Make. By Janet & Alex d'Amato. Messner. $4.95.

Coffee cans, egg cartons, clay—all sorts of readily available things can be magically transformed to African houses, masks, musical instruments, etc. After reading the easy-to-follow instructions, I longed to try some out. Background information about African daily life is also given. 8-14.

Young Filmmakers. By Roger Larson & Ellen Meade. Photos by Marcelo Montealegre. Dutton. $5.95.

Films teenagers are making today and the equipment you would need to make them, too. Larson, who has taught film production, tells young people how to start a film group, what it is possible to express, how to edit a film, and copyright it. 13-18.

North American Bicycle Atlas. By American Youth Hostels, Inc. Maps. Hammond. $1.95.

No need to wonder what to do next summer after reading this invaluable guide which describes 90 interesting bicycle tours throughout the country, advises what to take, what to see and do, and how to travel inexpensively. All ages.

Foods and Cooking

The Pooh Cook Book. By Virginia H. Ellison. Ill. by Ernest Shepard. Dutton. $4.50.

Even young children love to cook, and here are some easily mastered recipes for snacks, sandwiches, drinks, cakes, candies, desserts, and even main courses. Quotations from Pooh, who was always eager for a "little something," and Shepard's beguiling Pooh drawings make this a perfect gift.

Around America: A Cookbook for Young People. By Mildred O. Knopf. Ill. by Pat Ronson Stewart. Knopf. $4.50.

Regional cooking from all parts of the United States; appealing recipes and interesting commentary on how they developed. 12-adult.

Foods and Festivals of the Danube Lands. By Lila Perl. Ill. by Leo Gluecksselig. World. $6.50.

An intriguing and original approach to geography—the story of popular foods in the countries bordering the Danube; the history, culture, and daily lives of the people who relish them; along with descriptions of holidays and holiday meals. Easy to follow recipes are included. 12-adult.

Poetry

Morning is a Little Child. Written & Ill. by Joan Walsh Anglund. Harcourt. $3.50.

There is a Kate Greenaway touch to these beribboned children who play through these pages of gentle poems about nature, friendship and fun. 4-9.

Looking for a Place. By Richard J. Margolis. Ill. by Ilse Koehn. Lippincott. $3.95.

Timely, bitter-sweet poems describe growing up in the inner city. 11-16.

City in All Directions. Edited by Arnold Adoff. Ill. by Donald Carrick. Macmillan. $5.95.

This unusual anthology of modern poems about young peoples' life in various cities fills a real need. 12-18.

To Play Man Number One. Compiled by Sara Hannum & Joan Terry Chase. Ill. by Erwin Schachner. Atheneum. $4.95.

This anthology of contemporary poems about man today, his agonies in a time of change and conflict, and his demand for a better world, speak with

Historical and Contemporary Facts for the Probing Young Reader

Isaac Asimov
GREAT IDEAS OF SCIENCE
"This is good Asimov: the right note of enthusiasm pitched in language eminently suited to a high school audience . . . The brief biographical sketches add color, and, in a world in which scientists are too often presented in ideal lights Asimov is to be complimented for occasionally saying nasty things about Great Men when they were indeed nasty." *The Kirkus Reviews Illus. by Lee Ames.* $4.00

Adelaide Field
AUGUSTE PICCARD
As exciting as any novel, here is the biography of Auguste Piccard, inventor of the pressurized cabin which Piccard used first with a balloon to explore the stratosphere and later in a bathyscaphe to reach the depths of the ocean. *Illus. with photographs.* $3.50

Elizabeth Grey
THE STORY OF JOURNALISM
Informative and entertaining, this is the history of British and American journalism, from man's earliest attempts at communication to the newspapers we know today and the men who influenced their direction and growth. *Illus. with photographs.* $3.75

Mary B. Dahl
FREE SOULS
A fictionalized account of the historic mutiny on the schooner *Amistad,* a case which ended in the United States Supreme Court, with John Quincy Adams pleading for the free black men on trial. *Illustrated.* $3.50

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immediacy to young people. Brief notes about each poet. 13-adult.

Lines Scribbled on an Envelope. By Madeleine L'Engle. Farrar. $4.50.

Revealing, courageous poems about the joys and tragedies of life, of love, and especially of the spiritual experience. 14-adult.

Unstill Life: An Introduction to the Spanish Poetry of Latin America. Edited by Mario Benedetti. Translated by D. J. Flakoll & Claribel Alegria. Ill. by Antonio Frasconi. Harcourt. $5.95.

Extremely interesting, expressive poems about man and man's world, within and without, printed in both English and Spanish, and decorated with sophisticated woodcuts. Poets from 1867 to today from all Latin America are included, and there is a page of biography and evaluation for each. 14-adult.

Art and Architecture

Who Look at Me. By June Jordan. Reproductions of 27 paintings. Crowell. $5.95.

Moving poems and hitherto often little-known paintings make a rare and wonderful mirror of Negro life in America, its bitter past and hopeful future. The beauty of the words and pictures will give blacks a pride in themselves, and whites a rush of joy to be their brothers. All ages.

The Art of India. By Shirley Glubok. Designed by Gerard Nook. Photos. All ages. Macmillan. $5.95. *Discovering the Royal Tombs at Ur.* Edited by Shirley Glubok. Adapted from *Ur Excavations* by Leonard Wooley. Designed by Gerard Nook. Photos. 12-adult. Macmillan. $7.95.

Two of Shirley Glubok's art books in one season—a double delight!

Thomas Gainsborough. By Sally Glendinning. Color reproductions of Gainsborough's paintings. Drawings by Cary Garrard. $3.50.

Tom Gainsborough, who loved fun,

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would have enjoyed this story of his trials and triumphs as a painter. By a new writer with a great gift for characterization. 9-13.

The Waters of November. By Howard Greenfield. Photos. Follett. $7.95.

The flood in Florence and the miracle of art restoration that followed. A large, fascinating book with numerous, beautifully printed photographs. An excellent Christmas gift, as well as a library must. 14-adult.

The World of the Impressionists: The Artists Who Painted with Delight at Being Alive. By Hans L. C. Jaffee. 178 illustrations, 112 in full color. Hammond. $14.95.

The Impressionists, favorites of so many young people as well as adults, are honored in a large, brilliant book with brief biographies of 15 artists and a discussion of what they were attempting to do. The book, printed by a foremost Dutch art press, is a perfect family present.

Temple on a Hill: The Building of the Parthenon. Written & Ill. by Anne Rockwell. Atheneum. $3.95.

Not only an architecturally detailed story of the lovely Parthenon, but an enthusiastic description of the Golden Age of Greece. 10-14.

Museum Adventures: An Introduction to Discovery. By Herbert & Marjorie Katz. Ill. by Peter Burchard. Coward. $6.95.

Historical museums, art museums, and science museums; their development in America, how displays are collected and arranged, and an evaluation of interesting exhibits. This unusual book not only gives a cross section of human achievement but shows young people the excitements awaiting them in museums. 12-18.

Music

A Scottish Songbook. By Sorche Leodhas. Ill. by Evaline Ness. Holt. $4.50.

These 16 Scottish songs can be sung with delight or enjoyed as poetry. A most attractive book with big, decorative illustrations in two colors. Notes on the origins of the poems are included, and simply arranged music. All ages.

Hi! Ho! The Rattlin' Bog and Other Folk Songs for Group Singing. Selected by John Langstaff. Piano music & guitar chords. Ill. by Robin Jacques. Harcourt. $4.75.

Ballads, sea chanteys, lullabies, soldier songs, ghost songs, dance songs—swinging rhythms and catchy refrains. An invaluable book, illustrated with handsome woodcuts. All ages.

For Adults—About Children

Picture Book World. By Bettina Hurliman. Translated & Edited by Brian W. Alderson. Reproductions of Children's Book Illustrations. World. $7.95.

This critical survey of modern picture books for children from 24 countries will be a boon to illustrators, editors, teachers, and librarians.

Children's Games In Street and Playground. By Iona & Peter Opie. Photos. Oxford. $9.50.

The hundreds of games children play in Great Britain, their origin, what they mean to the children, and how to play them. Of interest to students of child psychology, as well as nursery school teachers and playground directors.

Child Sense: A Pediatrician's Guide for Today's Families. By William E. Homan, M.D. Basic Books. $6.95.

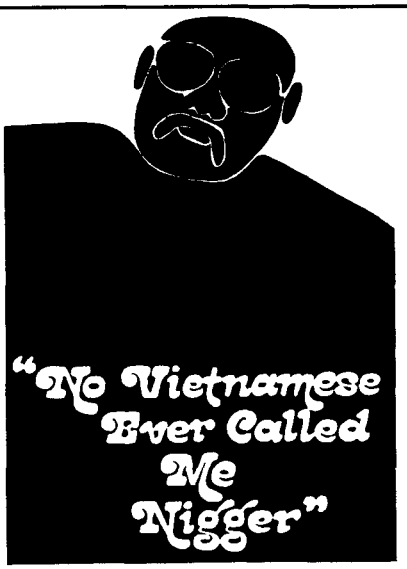
Understanding a child's needs in terms of his total personality, a positive, practical guide on how to deal with emotional and behavioral problems.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 237)

On the other hand, quite properly, Mr. Matthews remained as a member of the Editorial Board of the *Times* until his retirement in 1967. His opinions about Cuba and Latin America were expressed, freely, in numerous editorials, some of them signed. His final piece on the editorial page, not unexpectedly, dealt with Fidel Castro. The complete text is provided on page 464 of *The Kingdom and the Power* by Gay Talese.

(THE REV. DR.) JOSEPH F. THORNING
U. S. Honorary Fellow of the Historical and Geographic Institute of Brazil



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